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THE
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THE MONTH.

JANUARY 1867.

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** * Advertisements to be sent to MR. G. BLAND, 27, St. Dunstan's Hill, London, E.C.*

The Poor-law in England and Ireland.

THE reply of Sir George Grey last summer to the deputation on behalf of Catholic prisoners, the bill prepared by Mr. Villiers with reference to Catholic grievances in English workhouses, and the declaration made by Mr. Walpole as to the favourable intentions of the present Government, had led to a general hope that, with the consent of both the great parties in the State, the persecution so long carried on against both Catholic prisoners and paupers would be put at end to at an early period in the ensuing session of Parliament.

It was therefore with some astonishment as well as pain that we read the account of the discussion that has lately taken place at the Staffordshire Quarter Sessions with regard to the salary of the Catholic chaplain of the Stafford Gaol. It was there proposed that the order of the Court, made at the April sessions 1866, for the payment of a Roman Catholic chaplain of the gaol be rescinded. The mover of this resolution objected "that Protestants should be called upon to provide all the *instruments*—the vestments and the other paraphernalia of the gorgeous ritual of the Roman Catholic Church; and thus perhaps within the walls of a building provided from Protestant funds those very rites would be celebrated which our martyred forefathers yielded their bodies to be burned rather than sanction. In that building there would be celebrated that sacrifice which our Queen, at the solemn hour of her coronation, pronounced to be superstitious and idolatrous."

The Right Hon. C. B. Adderley took part in the discussion. Mr. Adderley was the person to whom Mr. Walpole intrusted the management in the House of Commons of the Reformatory and Industrial School Bills which the late Government introduced, and the present Government passed during the last session. In Lord Derby's last administration he was the minister charged with the superintendence of public education. Now he represents in the House of Commons the colonial department, and thus exercises some influence over the affairs of the millions of Catholics who inhabit our colonies. The words of a man with such antecedents, and occupying such a position, cannot be otherwise than important, and, though he may speak merely as a county magistrate, will seem to many to indicate the mind of the Government. Mr. Adderley certainly did not disguise his opinions. He supported the motion of the anti-Catholic

party. He said "that he thought Mr. Bateman" (the mover of the resolution we have quoted) "perfectly justified in raising the question again. He admitted that good moral results followed from the appointment of the priest in Stafford Gaol, but maintained that such moral improvement furnished no sufficient argument against Mr. Bateman's proposition. They had a national religion, and he thought the paid religious officer of every institution should be a member of that religion. He did not think the fears that the introduction of Roman Catholic chaplains into gaols was setting a dangerous precedent were visionary; for it was clear that the consequences would ramify and spread widely."

The language of Mr. Adderley is clear and definite. He puts forward a principle. He feels its importance so much that he sacrifices to it all considerations of expediency. Although he believes that Catholic chaplains do good, he would rather run the risk of not having them in the gaols than sacrifice the principle of not having any paid religious officers other than those of the Established Church. The necessary consequences of adopting this principle are momentous. If there should be no paid officers other than those of the Established Church, the paid Catholic chaplains in the convict prisons should be dismissed. The system of religious equality introduced into the army by Lords Dalhousie and Herbert of Lea, and sanctioned and developed in 1858 by General Peel, should be reversed, and no Catholic or Presbyterian army chaplains be paid by the State.

But it is in Ireland that this principle would produce the most serious results, unless indeed Mr. Adderley's morality be geographical, like the religion of that Puseyite parson who described the fervour of his devotion at High Mass at Malines, and within twenty-four hours was officiating at Dover as the minister of a church whose formularies proclaim the Mass to be idolatrous and superstitious. We propose, therefore, to give a short account of the provisions for religious instruction in the Irish gaols and workhouses.

The Irish example will be instructive to those who, like Mr. Adderley, are the firm supporters of the Irish Establishment, and declare its rights and privileges to be in all respects the same as those of the English Establishment. It may be said that those who represent this Eldonian tradition are too few to be formidable, and too prejudiced to be accessible to reason. This no doubt is true; but the same facts that we adduce to confute this antiquated and expiring bigotry may not be without their use in forming the opinion of that majority of intellectual men who really desire to settle the vexed question of the treatment of Catholic paupers and prisoners on a just and permanent basis. In dealing with this class our great difficulty

is to make them realise the full importance of the question. They find some poor child, the offspring of vice, reared by a drunken mother, ignorant of the first elements of Christianity, and they ask what possible difference can it make whether this child be treated as a Protestant or a Catholic? It has no convictions to be tampered with—any instruction in any religion must be a benefit to it. Is this the estimate which the legislature has formed with regard to the Protestant minority in Ireland? Does ignorance, or vice, or degradation make it a matter of indifference as to the religion in which an Irish child of Protestant parents is to be brought up? Is the religion of such a child, is the religion of any Protestant prisoner in Ireland left to chance, or are both the child and the prisoner protected by expensive and well-considered rules from being absorbed in the Catholic population around it?

This surely raises most important considerations. Unequal weights and balances are as dangerous to politicians as to tradesmen. Their use drives the public from the shop of the dishonest dealer to give their custom to his rival. The politician that uses them alienates from himself the hearts and affections of the people, and drives them to look for redress of their grievances at the hands of revolutionists and demagogues. It was unequal treatment that prepared the Silesian Protestants to receive Frederic of Prussia, and to throw off their ancient connection with Austria. It is because the Protestant has the same rights with the Catholic that the Protestant inhabitant of Alsace is the devoted and loyal subject of France, and the rancorous hatred of England by the Celtic population of the United States is mainly caused by their recollections of religious inequality. As Mr. Grattan, with prophetic instinct, said, "What you trampled upon in Europe is stinging you in America." Call it narrowmindedness, bigotry, what you will; it is easy for those to be indifferent who believe nothing; but, rightly or wrongly, the Catholic population do believe in their creed, and they feel in the inmost recesses of their hearts that the most grievous wrong that can be inflicted on a Catholic, be he child or prisoner, be he rich or be he starving, is to tamper with his faith. So long as the faith of the Catholic minority in England is not cared for and protected as much as the faith of the Protestant minority in Ireland, so long the sense—the bitter sense of injustice will rankle in the hearts of Catholics. They will laugh at well-rounded professions of devotion to civil and religious liberty—they will contrast acts with professions, and while they hate the injustice of the one, will despise the hypocrisy of the other. Does this contrast, then, exist? Is the faith of the Protestant minority protected in Ireland? Is the faith of the Catholic minority in England

left to the whim or to the bigotry of those London guardians, whose cruelty and neglect of the poor have shocked and startled the minds of the whole nation?

We will put aside for the moment the members of the Established Church in Ireland. They, in Mr. Adderley's opinion, are a privileged class. We will take a non-established but Protestant body, the Presbyterians. Let us compare the way in which Presbyterians are treated in the union of Limerick, where there are about 400 Presbyterians out of a population of more than 90,000, with the treatment of Catholics in the London unions, where the Catholic population is about 300,000 out of a population of 3,000,000. In the one case the Presbyterians are about one half per cent of the whole population; in the other the Catholics are about ten per cent. The Presbyterian half per cent is generally wealthy, consisting of Scotch merchants and traders; the Catholic ten per cent in London is poor, consisting mainly of Irish labourers.

In the London workhouse, to maintain, as it is said, workhouse discipline, a large number of the Catholic adult inmates are not allowed to go to Mass. There is no chaplain provided for them; except in a very few instances, no Catholic religious service is permitted in the workhouse. As for the children, they are drafted off into district schools, from which Catholic teaching is rigorously excluded. There is no priest to watch over them, no religious services, no sacraments, no catechising in their own faith, and, on the contrary, compulsory instruction in a creed which is opposed to theirs.

Remember the moral atmosphere these poor children breathe. They are plunged into it not as a punishment for vice or crime, but solely on account of their poverty. It would require a seven-fold shield to preserve them from the impiety and impurity that surround them; every channel of grace for them is closed by the guardians. This is the state not of ten or twenty or fifty, but of thousands of children; and this in a country where a priest who dares to speak of religion to a Protestant boy of fifteen or sixteen is assailed by the whole press with the fiercest denunciations. Compare this with the manner in which Presbyterians are treated in Limerick. In the Limerick workhouse there are on an average about 1200 inmates daily. Among these there is frequently not a single Presbyterian. The largest number of Presbyterians ever there at the same time was five. On the average of the whole year there is not so much as one a day.

In the month of November 1865 the Presbyterian minister of the district, the Rev. Dr. Wilson, applied to be appointed Presbyterian chaplain, and to have a salary given to him. It was unanimously

agreed to appoint him to the chaplaincy, and a majority of the board being Roman Catholics, recommended that he should have a salary of five pounds a year. His meeting-house is near the workhouse; and he was informed that any Presbyterian inmates should be sent there every Sunday, or else that, if he pleased, he could have service for them in the workhouse. A correspondence on the subject took place between the guardians and the commissioners of Irish Poor-law. The commissioner under whose direction the correspondence was carried on was a Catholic.

The Commissioners state that—

“by the 48th section of the 1 and 2 Vic. cap. 56, they are required not to appoint more than one fit person being in Holy Orders and of the Established Church, one other person being a Protestant dissenter, and one other fit person being a priest or clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church, to be chaplain or chaplains at any one time in any workhouse. On the first introduction of the Poor-law in Ireland the appointment of workhouse chaplains was conducted on the principles described in the 165th paragraph of the Annual Report of the Poor-law Commissioners for 1842, which is as follows :

‘165. In the north of Ireland the members of the Established Church, of the Presbyterian Church, and of the Roman Catholic Church, are not generally very unequal and we have accordingly, in most of the northern unions, regulated them all by the same standard. But in the south and the west of Ireland the case is widely different, the number of Roman Catholics there generally so much exceeding those of the other persuasions as to present no approximation to an equality. In some, if not in several of the workhouses in the western district we doubt if there be a single Protestant inmate, and in many of the other houses the number will be very small; and in these cases we have considered it to be our duty, in accordance with what we believe to have been the intentions of the legislature, to assign a less salary to the chaplain of the Established Church than to the Roman Catholic chaplain; but in no instance have we assigned less than 20*l.* to the former, if there were only a single Protestant inmate; whilst 60*l.* is the maximum to the latter, whatever may be the number of Roman Catholics in the house, except in the case of the two Dublin unions, the Protestant chaplain having at the same time a salary of 50*l.*’

“In 17 unions there are now no Protestant chaplains; and in 32 others the salary attached to that office is less than 20*l.*, while in 4 of this number it is 12*l.*, and in 24 others only 10*l.*; but there is no salary less than 10*l.* The limit of 60*l.* assigned to the salaries of Roman Catholic chaplains has been exceeded in a great number of instances; in one case it is now 200*l.* per annum; and in three other cases it exceeds 100*l.* At Lime-*rick* the salary is 130*l.*, and that of the Protestant chaplain 30*l.*; the present number of inmates of the latter persuasion being about 20. In the cases of Protestant chaplains whose salaries have been reduced to 12*l.* or 10*l.*, the regular performance of divine service has been dispensed with. Of the forty Presbyterian chaplaincies at present existing in Ireland, there the salaries of eight appear to be under 20*l.*, and of four of these to be only 10*l.*; subject to the same arrangement as in the cases of the Protestant salaries of 10*l.* above mentioned. A very large number of the Protestant and Presbyterian chaplaincies in Ireland would be extinguished by the application to Ireland of the recommendation of the Committee on English Poor-law, as cited by Mr. Monsell, to the effect that ‘remuneration should be provided for ministers of religion in workhouses only where there is a numerous body of paupers requiring their ministrations.’ The effect indeed would be to suppress nearly two-thirds of the present Protestant and Presbyterian chaplains, and leave the workhouses, with few exceptions, to be attended by

Roman Catholic chaplains only ; and this can scarcely be thought to have been the intention of the Legislature as expressed in the 48th section of the Irish Poor Relief Act."

As to the proposal that any clergyman should visit the inmates of his own creed, the Commissioners say :

"The Commissioners, however, are averse to any extension of the privilege, secured to every clergyman by the Irish Poor-law Act, of visiting his own creed from whom he may receive a request to do so, and they would look with apprehension to the existence of a rule in Ireland, by which clergymen of various persuasions, having no official responsibility as chaplains, could claim to enter a workhouse, and assemble inmates of their own creed together for divine service or other religious ministrations."

They ground their appointment of Dr. Wilson on the facts adduced by him.

"The main facts established were, that the Rev. Dr. Wilson had been often called on to attend Presbyterian inmates in their last sickness, generally fever patients, of whose previous existence as inmates he was not aware ; and that although the number of registered Presbyterians at any time resident in the workhouse was very small, this had partly arisen from the circumstance that Presbyterians on admission were placed on the register as Protestants, *i. e.* as members of the Established Church, in consequence of there being no Presbyterian chaplain, and partly from the fact that, on the same account, poor persons of that persuasion were maintained outside by private charity who would otherwise have been obliged to enter the workhouse."

They also observe that the discussion at the Limerick Board showed a growing acquiescence in the appointment ; they object to the amount of the salary as proposed by the guardians ; but they conclude by offering to consider the proposal again if the chaplain is not required to perform service.

We have quoted at such length from the letter of the Poor-law Commissioners because it brings out in the clearest manner the working of the Irish Poor-law system as it affects the religious interests of the small body of Protestant dissenters in that country. How far the Rev. Dr. Wilson's anticipations of discovering a larger number of Presbyterians in the Limerick workhouse than were there registered as such before his appointment have been verified, may be judged by the fact that he has now held the office of chaplain for a year, and that at present there is only one Presbyterian there.

Look on this picture and on that. Look at the handful of Presbyterians—dissenters from the Established Church ; see the scrupulous and almost extravagant care with which the slightest inroad on their principles is prevented. Turn then to the thousands of Catholics in London handed over like wild beasts in an amphitheatre to be baited by guardians, who try to atone for their neglect of the bodies of their paupers by banishing every vestige of Popish superstition as far from their souls as they seem to banish Christian charity from their own hearts.

This is no rhetorical statement. The charity of these severe Protestant theologians is attested by two inquests that took place last month on paupers under their charge. We quote from the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, which deserves the gratitude of all who love the poor for the frequent exposures of the barbarous and pernicious inhumanity of the London Poor-law guardians:

"In the matter of nursing alone, two recent inquests at Bethnal Green have disclosed the fact that paupers there can die in fever without having been seen by the doctor at all; can wander deliriously about the ward all night without doing more than attract the passing notice of the sleepy fellow-inmate, who is supposed to do duty both as day nurse and night nurse; and can commit suicide in an out-house without being missed from the ward by the aged imbecile whose business it is supposed to be to count his flock at night. When two such scandals can occur within ten days of each other, and are then exposed only by the chance inquiries of coroners, it is impossible not to believe that similar tragedies are enacted in the dark elsewhere.—*October 18, 1866.*"

And those who with calm indifference tolerate such atrocities have no toleration for the religious convictions of the poor Catholic pauper—exclude his priest, and refuse to permit Catholic children to be transferred to Catholic orphanages, as the recent act allows.*

Reverse the picture. We all acknowledge with our lips that we are bound to do to others as we would that they should do to us. Suppose the Protestant minority in Ireland were treated as the Catholic minority in England is. Suppose that their paupers were compulsorily deprived of the exercise of their religion; that their children were carried off to be systematically trained and educated as Catholics in convents where it was made difficult for any Protestants to trace them, and still more difficult to get access to them, and from which the Protestant minister was either wholly excluded or limited to a single interview weekly with the very few whose parents, backed by persevering friends and legal aid, had succeeded in establishing their claims. Suppose that in a single Irish town there were 1100 or 1200 children, the number of Catholic children so treated in London alone, thus cruelly persecuted. Suppose, in addition to all this, that in England the co-religionists of those who so dealt with Irish Protestant children, the English Catholic minority, had priests provided for them out of the rates, access to their own churches,

* We must except from the latter statement the guardians of the Strand Union, who have given up all the Catholic children under their care in London, or at least those who could be proved to be Catholics.

and instruction in their own religion, and were fenced and protected by legal enactment and by the vigilance of the Poor-law Board from the very slightest aggression upon their faith. Suppose the tables to be thus turned—how long would English Protestant public opinion tolerate the injustice? how long would Parliament delay to remedy the grievance? Why, it is notorious that the slightest delay on the part of any Government would seal its doom.

Do we complain of this spirit? Far from it—we honour men for seriously acting upon their convictions; only we say to them, Don't be surprised if we feel as you would do if you were in our circumstances. Don't wonder that the Irish Catholic, even when he crosses the Atlantic, carries in his heart hatred to the power that so treated him. Rightly or wrongly, he loves his faith; the thought of his children losing their faith causes more acute, sensible suffering to him than the poverty or hunger or rags that are his lot. Many a mother of his race, during the famine, laid her naked children supperless in bed and laid herself down beside them to die, rather than purchase food and raiment by accepting for them or for herself teaching which she believed to be erroneous. Men who care little for forms of faith may despise such sacrifices. Members of Protestant Alliances may brand those who thus acted, as martyrs to error; but at least all must agree that those who attach to their faith a priceless value can hardly do otherwise than hate a Government which allows our public institutions to be turned into instruments for making Protestant Mortars.

The readers of previous articles in the *Month** are aware that grievances of the same nature as those of which we complain in the workhouses, prevailed a few years ago in all the prisons in England; that Sir George Grey redressed those grievances, and introduced a system of something approaching to religious equality in the convict prisons which are under Government management, and that the beneficial results of the new system have surpassed expectation, and have been warmly acknowledged by the official inspectors; that "The Prison Ministers Act," which he passed for borough and county prisons, being only a permissive bill in its bearings on Catholic prisoners, has been hitherto comparatively inoperative; but that in all the prisons,—one in five or six of the whole number,—in which a Catholic chaplain has been appointed, those good moral and religious results to which even Mr. Adderley bears witness have followed.

In the Liverpool borough gaol, where previous to 1863 only

* Vide Nos. for May and August 1866: "The Prisoner's Cry for Justice," and "Audi alteram partem."

thirty-six Catholic prisoners were visited in a year by a minister of their religion, 4375 were attended by the Catholic chaplain during the year ending 1st November 1866. If Mr. Adderley's principle, of having no paid chaplains except those of the Established Church, were acted upon, these prisoners could not have been visited. The Catholic priest has seldom any means of support except the alms of his congregation, in return for which he devotes the chief part of his time to ministering among them. How could a priest whose time was thus occupied attend to all or even to any appreciable proportion of the four thousand prisoners that passed during the last twelve months through the Liverpool Borough Gaol?

Alas that there should be so many Catholic criminals! alas that while four millions and a half of Catholics in Ireland supply but 27,000 prisoners in the year, and those generally for trivial offences, the hundred thousand Catholics of Liverpool should supply more than four thousand! The Catholics in England generally belong to the crime-producing—because the destitute—class. In towns such as Liverpool a majority of that class are Catholics. Men in comfortable circumstances may commit every day in the year every one of the seven deadly sins without violating the laws of the land. They may be proud and covetous and licentious, they may be the slaves of anger and gluttony, of envy and of sloth, without subjecting themselves to the slightest legal penalty. With those in want of their daily bread the case is far otherwise. The sins which their condition tempts them to commit are almost all crimes against the law; and without committing sin at all, they are often exposed to be treated as criminals from such breaches of the law as mendicancy and the like. But surely the existence of this large number of Catholic criminals makes it a very special duty to endeavour to reclaim them. If every poor Irish Catholic who comes over to swell our wealth by his labour is exposed to special temptations, we are bound to strive to redress by every means within our reach the moral balance between his country and our own.

How imperfectly this duty has hitherto been performed, the facts to which we called attention in our former articles abundantly show. We must refer to those articles for details of the restrictions on Catholic teaching, and the extra privations imposed on Catholic prisoners in all borough and county prisons, except those few in which a Catholic chaplain has been appointed under the provisions of "The Prison Ministers Act," and particularly in all the London prisons, with the single exception of Wandsworth; of the insults still permitted from Scripture readers; and the temptations held out to apostasy.

We trust that a better spirit is beginning to appear in the managers of these prisons; we have some hopes even of the Middlesex magistrates: but the change that is required is very great. Hitherto they have acted as if a priest were simply an inconvenience which they are obliged to tolerate to a certain extent, but of which they desire to have as little as possible. They have systematically shut out religious influences from the souls of Catholic prisoners to the utmost of their power; and have thus let them go out of prison worse than they came in. This must be the result of their system of exclusion; for it is abundantly evident that no Protestant religious ministrations will touch the heart of Catholic prisoners.

Compare this system, framed apparently with the object of allowing local authorities to restrict those religious liberties which the law theoretically recognises, with the definite and simple regulations carefully framed to protect the Protestant minority in Ireland. There the Board of Superintendence of each gaol is bound to appoint a chaplain of the Established Church by Act of Parliament.

They can be compelled by the Court of Queen's Bench to appoint a Roman Catholic and a dissenting chaplain where there are Roman Catholic and dissenting prisoners.

If the Board of Superintendence neglect the order of the Court for two months, the Lord Lieutenant may make the appointments. Preference must be given to a clergyman officiating in the parish where the gaol is situated.

The appointments of individual chaplains are therefore practically made by the heads of their respective churches.

It is not our object at present to discuss the question of the Established Church in Ireland, and therefore we do not insist on the provision which requires the payment of an Established Church chaplain in every gaol. It is not more absurd to pay an Established Church chaplain in the Clare gaol, where there was only one prisoner belonging to the Established Church in 1865, than it is to maintain Established Church ministers in parishes where the whole or nearly the whole population is Catholic. To be paid for doing nothing is the prerogative and privilege of parsons in many of the parishes of Ireland. The late Sir Joseph Paxton, in congratulating a relative of his who had just got a good Irish living with less than a dozen parishioners, said to him, "My dear fellow, whenever you want to amuse yourself in London or Paris, bring your congregation with you." The Clare chaplain is not so fortunate; his solitary black sheep cannot follow him. Still, to those who love a tranquil existence, a position in which 46*l.* a year is earned by occasional visits to one occasional prisoner has its advantages.

But we are not now concerned with the merits or demerits of the Irish Establishment. Lord Macaulay may or may not have been right, so far as our present argument is concerned, when he said that of all the institutions now existing in the civilised world the Established Church of Ireland seemed to him the most absurd.

We are comparing the treatment of Catholic prisoners in England with the treatment of Protestant dissenting prisoners in Ireland.

By the report of the inspectors-general of Irish prisons for 1865, it appears that 32,739 prisoners passed through the Irish gaols in 1865; but as 23,578 of these prisoners were confined for periods of one month or under, and as many of the remainder were also for short periods, the daily average number of prisoners in gaol was only 2719.

The whole number of Presbyterian prisoners in the year was 982. If the proportion of long and short sentences was the same for these as for the other prisoners, it follows that only about one-twelfth of 982, or 82, was the average daily number of Presbyterian prisoners. For this small number, less than half that of the Catholics in any one of those London gaols of which we treated on a former occasion, there are fourteen paid Presbyterian chaplains.

It appears, for example, in the last report of the Irish inspectors of prisons that not a single Presbyterian prisoner was committed during the year 1865 to Longford gaol, although there is there a Presbyterian chaplain, with a salary of 36*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* per annum. The Catholic chaplain, who only receives the same salary, had 260 prisoners; the chaplain of the Established Church had 14.

In Louth one Presbyterian was committed in the course of the year; there, also, the Presbyterian chaplain received the same salary. In Fermanagh the Presbyterian chaplain received 30*l.* for two prisoners; in Cavan 30*l.* also for two prisoners; in Donegal 40*l.* for sixteen prisoners; in Monaghan 30*l.* for the same number; and in the county of Dublin 55*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.* for twenty-three prisoners.

These salaries are paid out of the county rates, or, as they are called in Ireland, the grand jury cess.

These rates are paid by the occupiers of land, who are generally Catholics.

Still the State has resolved at any cost to protect the Protestant prisoner from even the suspicion of proselytism. It regards not expense.

It does its work fully, completely, and universally; yet those who thus not only invoke, but give practical effect to, the principles of civil and religious liberty on behalf of their co-religionists, cry out against and resist the application of those principles to others. The

question, we are told, is difficult and delicate. This feeble reluctant indolence is disposed of by pointing to Ireland. Is there the slightest difficulty in the working of the Irish system? It may sin by excess. There may be too exuberant precaution—one occasional Protestant may not require so great an expenditure to protect his conscience; but the work is done thoroughly.

We ask no one, therefore, to try experiments or make a single step in the dark. Our simple demand is, that the system which has worked well for Protestants in Ireland may be applied in its integrity to Catholics in England.

We have endeavoured in the foregoing pages to enable our Protestant readers in some degree to measure and appreciate the character of the grievances we complain of; and surely the weight of any grievance is to be ascertained not by the speculations of those it does not touch, but by the intensity and depth with which it is felt by those it affects. Even if the principle of indifferentism were honestly carried out, we could not acquiesce in it; we could not sell a Catholic soul in London to Protestantism at the price of gaining to the Church fifty Protestant souls in Ireland; but we have shown that the principle of indifferentism is not carried out—the law that does not protect the Catholic pauper or prisoner from Protestant influences takes efficacious though expensive precautions to guard the faith of Protestant paupers and prisoners. Injustice is thus added to injury; and together they produce that sullen discontent which is their natural fruit; and thus discontent goes to augment the always swelling stream of Irish disaffection.

Who are the gainers by this state of things? Does morality gain by excluding anyone from religious training? Does the State gain by making its subjects disaffected? Does Protestantism gain by being identified in the Catholic mind with oppression and injustice? Do not, then, palter with this grievance any longer. Do not attempt to patch up the present system. In any new legislation, do not, while you are conceding something to justice, attempt to conciliate ultra-Protestant opinion by any sacrifice to bigotry. What you do, do thoroughly; you may well dare to be just, for the good sense of the nation will repudiate the clique who, professing special devotion to religious liberty, yet refuse to act upon it:

Qui curios simulant, et bacchanalia vivunt.

For ourselves this Irish example has a special importance—we see there clearly what ought to be our definite aim. We have until now clothed our demands in terms much too general. There we

have a system working well, in no way affecting the good discipline of the institution to which it is applied, and that system does its work thoroughly. We cannot rest satisfied with one jot less of protection for the faith of our prisoners and paupers than Protestants under the same constitution have for theirs. It is quite true that principles won and embodied in the statute-book after a long conflict cannot all at once be logically carried out to their full practical consequences. The force of habit is too strong—the heart rebels against the conclusions of the intellect: but a generation has passed by since our equality with our Protestant fellow-countrymen has been recognised by law. During that time, from year to year, thousands of Catholic paupers and prisoners, living under the law of liberty, have been victims to the spiritual privations of the old penal code. Surely the time is come for conforming practice to theory. Patience under our own sufferings is good; but to be patient of the sufferings of others is indolent pusillanimity. We have too much of that spirit among us. We, as well as guardians and magistrates, have ante-emancipation habits to get rid of. We are too ready to take the crumbs that fall from the tables of those who still claim to be our masters, instead of insisting on an equal partition of the banquet. The spirit of servility often lets off the energy it dares not to employ in act by the use of violent language and impotent menaces. We should be calm and moderate, but firm; above all, we should be ready everywhere to grant to others what we now ask for ourselves.

As he that does not stay the hand of an assassin is himself a murderer, we cannot be held guiltless if by any failure on our part one vestige of the system of proselytism be allowed any longer to poison the springs of Catholic morality. Should we be tempted to falter in the holy work of redeeming the captives to the cruel and unjust bondage of which we complain, we shall gain new energy if we meditate upon and realise as best we may the agony with which we should be tortured if we saw our own husbands or wives or children, surrounded though they might be by every worldly blessing, shut out from the means of salvation.

A Stormy Life;

OR

QUEEN MARGARET'S JOURNAL.

CHAPTER XXI.

AT THE GRAY FRIARS.

WHAT Elisabeth said touching hermits reminded me of something Jeanne had written in the last letter I had from her, which served now that I thought of it, to confirm this suspicion. I mused on this as we walked on, and Elisabeth did not interrupt me; she was a great lover of silence, and took pleasure in looking at the trees and the flowrets; for the sight of God's works preached to her, she said, lovely sermons of His greatness and goodness. She was the most pleasant companion in the world: her kindly face, even when she did not speak, made me cheerful; and when she spoke, I did not tire of listening to her sad but agreeable discourse.

When we arrived at the chapel of the Gray Friars, one at the door told us that after Vespers Friar Brackley would preach, which pleased me not a little, for I had a curiosity to hear this holy and learned man, which is so famous in all England. And verily his sermon was pithy and instructive; for he taught us how we should pray to God by good working, rightful labouring, and in good deeds persevering; and that we ought to ask that our joy may be a full joy and a perfect one. And when he ended his discourse, he said this joy was to be found in one Name only; and thus broke forth in its praise: "Ah, that Name! that wonderful Name! that delectable Name! that Name that is above all names! Name the holiest, without which no man hopes salvation! This Name is in mine ear a heavenly sound; in my mouth honeyful sweetness. Therefore no wonder that I love that Name which gives comfort to me in all anguish. I cannot pray, I cannot meditate, but with the sound of the Name of Jesus. I can savour no joy that with Jesus is not mingled. Wherever I be, wherever I sit, whatever I do, the thought of the Name of Jesus departs not from my mind. *Gaudete quia nomina vestra scripta sunt in celo; ut gaudium vestrum sit plenum.*"

After the sermon was ended, we went to the monastery to speak to Friar Newton, Dame Elisabeth's ghostly father. He was very glad to see us, and greeted me with hearty good-will and kindness, and said he hoped I had come to Norwich to teach the damsels of

that town to visit hospitals and poor sick persons, as it was reported the Queen, my mistress, was wont to do. I answered, that I was frightened her good example in that respect had not yet done me much good, for I had a niceness about the sight of wounds and lepers, which only once or twice I had overcome. Then he said, smiling, if I had *once* done it, that was worth a dozen times, for to begin was the weighty point in these matters; and then he asked us if we had heard the history of one Pers, which was a miser, and became afterwards a saint.

"No, Father Newton," said Elisabeth; "but methinks there is a likelihood in that transformation."

"Wherefore, Mistress Clere?" the good friar asked.

"Because," she replied, "both are bent on storing treasure, only the one on earth, and the other in heaven. Both be covetous, I ween, and the habits of the miser should serve the saint."

"How prove you that?" he said, amused at her talk.

"Well," she answered, "you friars minor dispense with linen and stockings and a hat, and many other things besides, for to lay up treasure in a good bank, the keeper of which is God. And misers likewise renounce their comforts and conveniences for to lay up gold and silver in a chest, or else lend it to needy persons for usurious interest; so that the habits of the one resemble those of the other."

"Ay, mistress," quoth Friar Newton; "but what say you to this? Saints love to give alms. I say not friars, as you do; for, alas, they be not always saints, by the same token that this poor sinner" (this he said striking his breast) "is of their order, and moreover they are, or should be, poor themselves; but saints, friars or not, will give a beggar all they can; this is not a miser's habit."

"Yea, a miser will give," she cried, "if he hopes a great return for his gift, or else can oblige with it a great king, which shall bestow on him tenfold more for it."

"Ah, I yield you the point," quoth the good friar, laughing. "And this is the tale of Pers the miser. He would never give so much as a groat to any poor man; but a beggar one day made a wager with some other men that he would get an alms from him if he were ever so grim. So he went and stood near the door of Pers's house while an ass's load of bread was being discharged, and begged of him very piteously. The churlish man was so angered that he stooped for a stone; but not finding one, he flung a loaf to the man. Well, that night Pers had a vision or dream—he himself standing at the judgment-seat, and all his sins dragging him down to hell; and he was about to sink, when his angel guardian pleaded he had once given a loaf to a beggar. The plea was admitted, and Pers yet had another chance for to save his soul. So when he awoke out of his trance, his first words were,

'Blessed be all poor men,
For God Almighty loves them.'

And from that day he began to wax meek and kind, and give

alms; and the liking to it so increased, that at the last, one day, when he had only ten pounds of all his pelf left, lo, he goes to a notary and gives it to him for to sell him into bondage. The notary takes him to a church, sells him to a reduced rich man called Yole, and gives the ten pounds to the poor, which makes me misdoubt the unjust saying, as if there should be no notaries in heaven. Pers's master offered to free him, but he would not, for now he had never enough of sufferings and labours."

"Yea, yea," cries Dame Elisabeth, clapping her hands, "a miser still! O good miser! O exceeding wise miser! God send we be all misers like him!"

Then they talked of Ellen Paston; and Friar Newton commended our scheme touching the Queen's intercession, and said Master Scrope was a worthy gentleman, and it would like him well they were married.

"But," quoth he, "until that can be, counsel your cousin that she bear patiently her good mother's correction; for by your own showing, Dame Elisabeth, she shall be the gainer thereby; and so, if she is a wise miser, she will rejoice in each stripe."

Then as we were craving his benison before departing, he suddenly said, "By the way, ladies, do you, the one or the other of ye, speak French, or at the least understand it?"

Dame Elisabeth said she did not know so much as one word of it, except some little sayings which are in every one's mouth, but that I spoke it like a French person.

"And better, peradventure," quoth Father Newton, smiling; "as one answered, to whom a pestilent Lollard said, 'One man is as good as another.' 'Yea, yea,' quoth the wily knave, 'and better also.'"

"Talking of Lollardry," said Elisabeth, "wot you, father, that Mary Beaumont keepeth a copy of Master Wickliffe's English Bible, which you let me from reading?"

"Is it so?" quoth the friar. "Alas, poor child, she poisons her soul with holy food, as Eve ruined her race by tasting of the fruit of the tree of Paradise. The Bible, when read by folks on their knees with a devout spirit and a docile mind, feeds the soul with heavenly truth; but as men do read it now, to foster proud disputings and overturn ancient teaching, it is perilous meat which sends many to hell. Master Wickliffe's English hath many doubtful words in it, which by varied meanings already changed in one hundred years should lead unwary persons from the right understanding thereof, and so into divers heresies. Go to, go to, my children. 'Be not wise in your own conceits,'—those words are from the Bible, as you know,—and think not that the readers of Wickliffe's book shall be holier, or wiser, or more loving towards God and man, or more burning with charity, or more fervent in prayer, than St. Clare of Assisi or the holy Elisabeth of Hungary, or the Scotch Queen Margaret, which read not the Bible in their own tongue, but had its spirit in their hearts, and showed forth its received teachings in their lives."

"I thank God," said Dame Elisabeth, "that having you, sir,

for my ghostly father, I can be content; for your actions accord with your preachments; and when I hear persons speak of the sins of the clergy, I bethink me of one in whose presence I may not speak out of the abundance of my heart, or he would be angered with me, hating his own praise; but methinks, sir, an unvirtuous priest, or a worldly one, ruins many souls in these days."

"To his own Master, my child, such a one must give an account. But think you verily that St. Mary Magdalen should have been wise to quarrel with God's Church because Judas filched, and St. Peter lied when he was affrighted, and St. John and St. James disputed along the way with the others, and all craved each one to be the greatest? Nay, nay, there is but One which is good, and that is God; but children should as lief discard their parents, and despise those which gave them life, because they be not perfect, as Catholic Christians turn against their mother the Church, and think to teach her forsooth, whom the Lord God hath set forth to instruct them. But enough on this theme; and if it please you, I will now fetch to you one of our brethren, who hath landed on this coast from France, whence he came in a little fishing-vessel, and was driven northward by stress of weather. We cannot understand his language, nor he ours; and his Latin, which sounds like a strange whistling in our ears, is not much more comprehensible than his French. He seems to have escaped from some kind of danger. But if your cousin will be a good lady to us and interpret his speech, we shall know more thereof soon than we have yet done."

Then Dame Elisabeth and I sat down in the cloister, which was outside the enclosure, and Friar Newton went to seek for the French friar, and in a short time returned with him. He was of a middle size, rather tall than short, and his eyes were mostly bent towards the ground; but when he raised them, I saw that they gleamed with a fire which was sometimes veiled by a singular sweetness. His few hairs were tinged with gray, his forehead broad, and his eyebrows dark. Methought at first he looked stern, but when I greeted him in French, a beautiful smile illumined his whole face. He said,

"Mademoiselle, I am happy to meet with one who will comprehend me, and can explain to my good fathers and brothers, which have so hospitably entreated me, the events which have driven me to your country. Will you have patience to listen to this long recital?"

"Yea," I said, "and very gladly also."

I answered little witting what should be the subject of it. Then we all sat down, I with Dame Elisabeth on one bench, and the French friar with Father Newton on another. And here I will transcribe his story as I heard it, doing it into English like the Queen's journal.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FRENCH FRIAR'S STORY.

"My convent is in Brittany, not far from Moncontour. I have lived there many years in great contentment and peace, and never

thought to have left it, far less to have crossed the seas. But some weeks ago I was saying my office in the chapel when one entered whom for four years I had seen coming there to hear Mass, and I had also sometimes shriven her. She was young, and wore a russet dress of a singular shape, and sandals to her feet. She told her scanty sins curtly and plainly, and often with tears, which fell so abundantly, that the place where she knelt to confess was oftentimes wet with this plentiful shower; but never added one word which should lead me to learn her name, or whence she came, or what manner of life she led; albeit I thought it should be a solitary one from the tenor of her confessions. But this day she approached me in the church, and in a low voice asked me to give her a piece of bread, for the love of God. I somewhat marvelled that one yet young should live alone and lack the necessities of life, and said something of this kind to her. She then uttered these words in a low voice, with her eyes fixed on the ground: 'Good friar, there are devils which can be thrust out, our Lord saith, only by prayer and fasting. When one would save a soul against which wicked men and hell combine, he or she must become a victim, and by suffering obtain for it singular graces.'

"There was somewhat in this woman's countenance and manner of speaking which showed her to be no common person; so I pressed her that day with no further questions, but gave her a loaf of bread, which she thankfully received. When she returned again, she confessed, and then told me that I must needs go with her somewhere that night for to shrive a soul in danger of death. I refused to go if she did not tell me who this dying person was.

"I said not a dying person," she replied, 'but one in imminent danger of death.'

"This affrighted me yet more. I thought she might be a devil in the form of a woman, luring me to destruction. I again said I would not go if she did not tell me her name and who she would take me to. She was silent some moments—praying, I think; and then she said in a faltering voice,

'Father, I will tell you all.'

'Then, first,' I answered, 'tell me where you dwell and who you are.'

"Then she disclosed to me her name ——"

"O, good friar," I (Margaret de Roos) exclaimed, "was it Jeanne de Kersabiec?"

He looked amazed.

"Holy Mary! how should you know it?"

"O, sir," I replied, "she was my bedfellow and playmate for many years. For God's dear sake, proceed."

Then he: "Yea, this was Jeanne de Kersabiec, who for four years had left the world and lived an anchorite in the Forest of La Hardouinaie. She is a rare soul, and her vocation to this sort of life a singular one."

"How came she to embrace it?" I tremblingly asked.

He replied: "You have heard, it may be, of our poor prince

which lived so long in this country, Monseigneur Gilles de Bretagne?"

"Heard of him! yea more than heard of him, father. Alas!" and then tears choked my utterance.

Father Newton and Dame Elisabeth looked at me surprised.

"What hath befallen him?" I cried. "Is he alive or dead?"

"Listen, lady, and you shall hear," he gravely answered.

And so I sat still as a stone, and he spoke thus:

"This Jeanne was the cousin and friend of Monseigneur Gilles' mother-in-law, Madame de Dinant: when that lady died, the prince was in prison already; and Jeanne told me that, kneeling in prayer one day in the chapel at Guildo after her decease, the thought came into her mind that she had always asked God to do her that favour, that by her means some great good should happen to this Messire Gilles, and that, being too weak and too obscure to aid him by her acts, she should do so through prayer and suffering. She would not go into a convent; 'for,' quoth she, 'then if God willeth I should serve him in some other way, I should not have liberty for it.' But she went to the forest I named, which is nigh to one of his castles, and therein found a cave, where she hid herself, and lay on moss at nights, and in the day communed with God in prayer, and wrought with a knife little carved images of wood, which she exchanged for bread at some religious houses and peasants' cottages in the neighbourhood, walking sometimes many leagues to reach them. She had no company, she said, but one little squirrel and two little hares, which had grown to be tame, and frisked about her as she worked. She carved one large crucifix, and a fair statue of our Lady at its foot, and these were her books all those years. She heard Mass and performed her devotions, now at one convent chapel, now at another, so that she was not often seen in the same place. Well, she lived a long time in this wise, and still her prayer was, that her sufferings and the mortification of this austere life should help Messire Gilles, whether he was alive or dead, for naught did she hear of him; and this was the hardest penance she endured for the love of the poor prince. But one day, when the light was declining, she walked past the Castle of Hardouinaie, and lo, as she went by the moat, she heard the voice of one singing a carol, which she knew very well. She asked a little shepherd if any folks lived in that castle. The child answered that some days ago five or six men came there and had gone away; and no one dwelt there now. When the night was come and the moon was shining, she lay down on the moss when she had said her prayers, and tried to sleep; but the words of that carol were yet in her ears and kept her waking. The next day she returned and walked near the moat, and a very faint sound, like of one essaying to sing, reached her ear. She went to the gate of the castle and rang it, not knowing what she did; but no one came, and she went away. Then she prayed that night longer than usual, almost till the day dawned, and asked the Lord Jesus by His Five Wounds that she might do some good to Messire Gilles. The day which followed she went again to the side of the moat, but could hear no singing, only a cry like of one

sighing in great pain. She crossed herself, and then began to sing the same carol she had heard there, and fixed her eyes on the wall within the moat, where there was a little opening with some bars. It seemed to her that something moved behind those bars, and then she heard these words said in a feeble voice: 'Who is it singing? If you are a Christian, speak.'

"She leant over the wall, and cried: 'I am the bedeswoman of a poor prince.'

'Then save me; I am Gilles de Bretagne,' was answered.

"She could not tell me how she descended the wall, belike it was through the aid of shrubs which grew against it; but she reached the barred opening,—for there was not much water in the moat,—and looked through them at that prisoner, whose face was more like that of a painting of our Lord on the Cross, she said, than any she had ever seen. This dialogue passed betwixt them: 'Monseigneur, I am Jeanne.'

'Sweet Jeanne, give me to eat.'

'Alas, monseigneur, I have naught but a piece of mouldy bread.'

'God be thanked!' Then he reached his thin pale hand through the bars, and took the piece of bread.

"She stood looking at him whilst he ate, and wot not what to say, her heart was so riven. When he had finished, he said, 'Give me to drink; I have no water.'

"She had no bowl; but she dipped her kerchief in the water of the moat, and passed it to him all dripping. When he had slaked his thirst in this wise, he said, 'Jeanne, death is cheated this time. They have left me already three days and three nights without sustenance. One came this morn and oped the door of this dungeon; but when he saw I was not dead, he shut it again and went away, albeit I prayed him to stay and kill me.'

'My prince, think not to die but as God willeth and when He ordains. You shall not perish with hunger whilst I live. For this have I prayed and suffered for four years; and now the time hath come, my prayers are heard.'

"Many nights she brought him bread, which she begged, and walked all the day to fetch it. Then one night he said to her, 'Jeanne, Olivier de Meël hath been here one hour ago, and is gone, but I read my doom in his visage. He was angered to find me yet alive, and I shall soon die by his hand; but my brother is my murderer. O God, O God! we once sat together on our mother's knee, and she kissed us both in turns. Jeanne, dost thou remember that day at Guildo, when my little wife kissed me, and said, O my poor prince! But it is little to die. God knoweth I have suffered long enough to be content to be released by means of death; but to deny me shrift is more than human malice.'

'Have they done this?' she asked.

'Yea,' he replied; 'and answered with mockings, jeers, and revilings my supplications to see a priest.'

'Never fear, my prince,' she resolutely said; 'you shall not die unshriven; you shall live till I return with a priest. For four

years I have wept and prayed to win this from God, to do you some good once in my life; and now, behold, the time is come.'

"It was that day she came to Moncontour; and when I heard her tale I went with her. We walked for three hours through the forest; she seeming to fly rather than to walk. I could hardly follow her, she went so fast, with her beads clasped in her hand. Once she stopped to wait for me, and then prayed aloud to God to carry us faster. Afterwards it seemed to me as if angels bore us in their arms. When we arrived, she showed me the place in the wall whereby she descended into the moat. It was almost perpendicular, and feeble shrubs the sole support; but I invoked St. Francis, and reached the bottom; then running on, came to the barred window, near which the ghostly shade—for such he looked—of that poor prince stood, which had once been the darling of his mother and the pride of Brittany. It was night, but the moon was shining, and I could plainly see his deathly visage and shrunk form. When he perceived me, and by my habit and cowl saw I was a priest, he fell on his knees, with his lean hands upraised together, and wept. O God, what a good confession he then made! How many tears he shed for his sins! how freely he pardoned his enemies! how saintly was that soul! what perfection suffering had wrought in it! what graces it had obtained! Verily, whilst the body had decayed, true life had begun. When the words of shrift had been uttered, a heavenly brightness illumined his countenance, which had been so pale before. It became inflamed as if with fire. His eyes were fixed on the sky with an ecstatic expression, but suddenly he shuddered, and then with a loud voice cried, 'Brother, brother! within forty days thou must meet me at God Almighty's judgment-seat to answer for my unjust death.' Then turning towards me, with the same singular light on his visage, he said, 'Father, I charge thee, as thou wouldst be saved, when thou shalt hear of my death, to go to the Duke Francis, wherever he is, and deliver this message to him; so that he may be warned, and his soul not perish everlastingly.' So I promised, and gave him my benison; and as the day had then begun to dawn, I returned to the convent, and his bedeswoman went to beg bread for him. But he was no more to eat bread on earth.

"After brief rest, with the Prior's permission I travelled to Avranches, which it was reported had then been surrendered by the English. The Duke of Brittany was there, in the midst of great rejoicings and triumph at this victory. As I walked through the city amidst the crowd, and saw the gay banners flaunt in the wind, and the upturned faces full of glee, the coloured tapestry garnishing the walls, the flowers scattered about the streets, loud strains of music filling the air, and the shouts of a people almost mad with joy mingling with it; as I beheld the duke riding with his knights, and smiling with such good cheer, as if himself and the whole world were in good fellowship,—it seemed as if that night in the moat beside the barred window had been a dismal horrible dream, which daylight had dispelled. But when the contentment of the people was at its

height, a report spread through the crowd which froze the blood in their veins, killing joy like the news of the plague in a doomed city. It flew like lightning from mouth to mouth. Men and women stood aghast, striking their breasts. Confused sentences were heard. 'The holy prince is dead!' 'Monseigneur Gilles is murdered—strangled!' 'He is dead at La Hardouinaie!' 'Arthur de Montauban is the murderer!' Then cries of hissing mixed with curses rose. Some cried, 'Slay him, slay him!' others rushed to the churches, the bells of which began to toll, and at once prayers were said for Monseigneur Gilles, and there was no end of persons kneeling at the several altars to pray for him.

"On the morrow Mass was said in the cathedral at the break of day for the repose of his soul, and the duke assisted thereat; but none could see his face. Then at the church-door he mounted his horse and rode pensive and slow on the sands, looking towards St. Michael's Mount. Step by step I followed him, watching his movements, for I had his dead brother's message to deliver, and had to do it then or never. I passed swiftly by that troop of riding men, and then suddenly turned back and stood by the side of his horse. 'Monseigneur,' I said, 'bow down your head, for I have a message for you of the most consequence in the world.' He bent his head down to the saddle-bow, and I whispered to him these words: 'Monseigneur, I heard in confession Monseigneur Gilles your brother before he died, and he hath charged me to summon you to appear before forty days have passed before God the Creator, to answer in person for his most cruel and unjust death. Therefore I deliver you this warning, with which the defunct prince charged my conscience; and I advise you to think thereon, and to pray God very urgently to have mercy on you.'

"Then I turned away, and neither the duke nor any one else said any thing to me. I walked to the port, and there looking back I saw the duke riding along the sands as before. Our Prior had charged me to take ship and escape to England; for he said I should suffer, and all the friars in our house, if so be I was discovered, and the convent haply destroyed. For some said the Duke Francis had sold himself to the devil, and feared no more God nor man. So I took ship at Avranches, thinking to land on the south coast of this country; but the Lord God ordained otherwise, the contrary winds driving me here, where with great charity my brethren have harboured me, for the which I pray you, in your courtesy, to make them in your language my poor thanks, gentle lady, and rehearse to them this history, which has, I perceive, moved you to tears; and verily it is as pitiful a one as can be imagined."

As well as I could, I complied with his desire, and then returned home with Elizabeth. All that night I lay mostly awake; or if I slept, my dreams were dreadful. I saw a deathlike face through bars, and struggled to break them in vain; or I was fetching a priest to shrieve the Queen, and he would not come; or I was beset by ruffianly men in a wood; or methought I was summoned to the judgment-seat, and one said I was there to answer for the

Duke of Gloucester's death. Each time I awoke trembling and covered with a cold sweat. O Jeanne, where art thou now? My brave companion, I pity not, nay I envy thee. Thy warfare is over; thy victory won. One thing thou didst ask of God, and hast obtained it. Yea, I can picture thee in some lone solitude lifting up thy thankful soul to bless the day and the hour when that resolve was taken, when that offering was made. Thou hadst thy meed: a smile on a dying face, an enduring hope, a comfort which none can rob thee of. O, more than sister, more than mother to that loved soul! now thou canst depart in peace whensoever God calls thee.— O Monseigneur Gilles, canst thou be of the dead, and could any be found cruel enough to kill thee? I had no comfort for a long time but in procuring Masses to be said, and praying mine own self, for you, chiefly at night when others could not observe me.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE QUEEN AT NORWICH.

SOME time went by, and then the Queen came to Norwich, and sent for me to meet her there. Her visit caused a great stir amongst the folks of that city and the neighbouring country, for all desired to pay her honour. The ladies asked me all manner of questions touching the dresses they should wear, and what ornaments to put on. Mistress Paston was almost beside herself because her husband was in London, and had sent her nothing for her neck, as he had promised. She came to borrow Elisabeth Clere's device, who thought not herself to see the Queen (yet I was secretly resolved she should); for, quoth Mistress Paston, "I durst not for shame go only with my beads amongst so many fresh ladies about the Queen." Ellen wore those despised beads, and methought their red colour on her white neck became her well. It made me sad to listen to so much vain talk then. My most comfort was to speak with the French friar; and whilst the others were buying gear in the town, Dame Lizzy and I went to the convent. We could not often see him, for he was a devout man, and liked the chapel more than the parlour. But when we could procure to converse with him, our discourse was always of Monseigneur Gilles, and his pious life and end. I already canonised him in my heart; as did also, I afterwards heard, the peasants in Brittany, for he was called by them "the holy prince," and by no other name would they title him.

Well, the Queen came, and expressed much sorrow at his death, and would see the French friar. When she had heard his tale, she said, "And have you not heard, good father, that the Duke of Brittany is dead?"

"I never doubted he would die within the forty days," he answered. "God is just, and also merciful, giving him time to repent."

"Which report saith he did truly," the Queen replied; and then she gave us both to read this letter from my father to the King:

"SIRE,—The Duke of Brittany hath died last week, and this is the report which I have heard of his end, and I think it is true. The day after the tidings had reached him at Avranches that his brother had expired in prison, as he was riding on the sands opposite Mount St. Michael, a friar suddenly stopped him and delivered a message to him from the said Monseigneur Gilles, arraigning him to appear within forty days at the judgment-seat of God, and bidding him take heed of the warning, and pray for mercy. Many are of opinion that this friar was no live man, but a ghostly apparition, which vanished as speedily as it had appeared. And the duke, like one struck with a spell, rode on for two hours, and never spoke so much as a word to any one; at the end of that time he slackened his already slow pace, and at last stopped and looked about him. Seeing Arthur de Montauban, he beckoned to him. When the said Arthur approached him, he perceived that his face had changed to a death-like paleness, with two burning red spots in the centre of each cheek, which glowed like live coal. 'Arthur,' he said, 'I am arraigned, and have to appear at God's judgment-seat within forty days. The friar which spoke to me at the gate of Avranches hath brought me this summons.' Then the Maréchal de Montauban laughed, and his laugh made the duke shiver from head to foot. The one said the friar was a deceitful knave, and he should be caught and hung. The other said, 'You shall never find him.' The one sent messengers to Mount St. Michael and Moncontour, far and wide he sent them; but no tidings of this friar could be heard. Then Arthur de Montauban cried, 'Forget this impostor, monseigneur, and enter Rennes as a conqueror.' But the duke turned his horse's head towards Vanne, and sadly, silently, and heavily went to his manor of plaisance nigh to that city. Then there came there in haste to him the holy Lady Françoise d'Amboise, and never more left the duke as long as he lived, which was till the morning of the fortieth day since his brother's death. And the last six days he was in great suffering and anguish; but that said lady and his confessor, the Bishop of Landes, ministered comfort to his poor soul, which was heavy burthened and much afflicted by reason of the great sins he had committed. He received the Sacraments, and besought all to pardon him and pray for him to God. And he lost not patience, 'tis said, though his pains were most terrible; and when his eyes were shut and dead, yet his lips moved and uttered the Name of Jesus with so much resentment of His mercy, that no one which heard him could refrain from tears. And so he died; and may God assoilise him!

"Now the Duke Pierre and the Lady Françoise, his wife, are the sovereigns of this duchy, which causeth no small joy to the Bretons. I write in haste to inform your majesty of this extraordinary event; and I pray your majesty to pardon this ill-constructed letter, and the abrupt conclusion thereof, which is owing to the lack of time and the hurry of the messenger.—Your liege's humble loving subject and servant.

"Writ by the LORD DE ROOS at Guineses.

"P.S.—In the last ordering of the duke's will, provision is made for Mass to be said for ever at the Abbey of Boqueu for the repose of the soul of Monseigneur Gilles de Bretagne."

The Queen showed much kindness to the French friar, and furnished him with money to go into the Low Countries to a convent of his order, where he died some years afterwards, in repute of sanctity. She was concerned at the dreadful death of the prince; but at that time her joy was so great that her prayers had been heard, and that soon she looked to be a mother, that grief could not take much hold of her. She was the most happy person in the world, she then said, and showed her good cheer in many artless ways. When the ladies went to see her during the two days she stayed at Norwich, nothing would serve her majesty, if they had children, but she must send for them, and chiefly if they were young. And whereas she had been wont to despise Englishwomen because their talk is mostly of their homes and nurseries, and seldom of the fine arts, or books and music, or state affairs, now she was well pleased to discourse with any one touching the nurture and good breeding of children, and even the gear they should have whilst infants. The second day of her stay I persuaded her majesty to command the attendance of Dame Elisabeth Clere, who was very reluctant to come into her presence, but durst not disobey her order. The Queen made much of her, and desired her to have a husband; for to be single and not a religious person was an ill state, she said, laughing, and not what was to be thought of for a gentlewoman of beauty, fortune, and parts. Then this Mistress Lizzy took courage, and replied that she had a cousin with a heart as much set on marriage as hers was inclined against it; and that if her majesty would speak a word in her favour to her mother when she came to wait on her the next morning, it should be a right good and royal action, for that sorrow was often dangerous to young women, and caused them to behave otherwise than they should do. The Queen inquired if this Ellen Paston was the gentlewoman which was brought up in the house of the Lady Pole, a kinswoman of Lord Suffolk's; and when she heard it was so, she said she would be a good lady to her, and obtain from her parents their consent to her marriage with Mr. Scrope. If naught else would do it, why then she would make her a maid-of-honour, and bestow on her a portion. Then she asked Elisabeth what favour she should confer on her; upon which that damsel smilingly answered,

"Well, I beseech your majesty to suffer me, without risk of your displeasure, to live single and yet not be a nun, for such is my humour. Neither the authority of right worshipful husbands nor the rule of a convent accord with my liking."

Her majesty smiled, and said she hoped Dame Elisabeth was a good subject, and obeyed the King, at the least, if no one else.

"Yea, your majesty," quoth the lady; "for the King lives in London and I in Norwich, which makes obedience easy. By the same rule, I am very obedient to the Pope, because he bides at Rome, and not so docile towards Friar Newton, my confessor in this town."

The Queen was right well pleased with her merry answers, and reported of her in the best wise to others she saw afterwards. She told me that, by her troth, she had seen no gentlewoman in Norfolk she liked better than she does her. I observe that royal persons, when they meet with simple folk who speak their thoughts bluntly, are often greatly pleased with their speeches; whereas if any one attempt the same thing out of design, they are then soon angered. The Queen fulfilled her word, and dealt so cunningly with Mistress Paston that Ellen will soon be married. Methinks, since her new hope, the Queen striveth more than ever to content every one, and is more affable in her manner than ever she was before. To have a son is now her sole prayer. She said to me to-day, when the crowd had been cheering her: "Meg, when I can show them a Prince of Wales, then methinks I shall be loved in England as once I was in France."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A NEW JOY AND A NEW ANGUISH.

THIS is a letter the Queen wrote to her sister, the Countess of Vaudemont, when she had learnt the decease of their mother, the Queen of the two Sicilies, who died when she was but forty-three years of age:

"RIGHT WELL-BELOVED SISTER,—Our mother is, then, no more. The heart which throbbed so nobly is now at length at rest; cold and still is that warm ardent heart which loved so passionately. The brave spirit fled which animated the fairest form on earth. Alas, alas! she hath died, than which a more virtuous woman, a more loving spouse and tender mother did not exist. Methinks I am reft of a part of mine own being in the losing of that good parent, whose sorrows I shared from my most young years. For it is not possible to describe with how great a passion I affectioned that mother, which is now departed from this world, or how heavy my heart is at this moment. Lord Talbot, my very good friend, hath also died in Guienne. He was eighty years old, and expired with the sword in his hand. I wish he had lived to see my child born, for he loved me very much, and would have suffered anything in my quarrel. But now that God is about to give me a son, I would fain have no quarrels, but be at peace with all the world. And methinks all that have English hearts will rally round us when we have a prince, which in two months I hope will happen; and then I shall be as happy as your highness, or any other woman on this earth, which heretofore I have envied. And so, with great sisterly love I embrace you, and pray the good Jesus to have you and your husband and your children in His holy keeping.

"Written at the Palace of Westminster by MARGARET THE QUEEN."

A short while after this letter was sent the King became suddenly very ill at Clarendon, with a kind of numbness which deprived him of the usage of his limbs, and his absence of mind then grew to be so absolute that now it could not be concealed, and not only the Duke of Somerset, who was the Prime Minister, but all the officers of state and chief persons of the court, and then the nation at large, were informed of it, and great sorrow fell on many; but those which were the most well-wishers to their majesties were the least surprised, for those nearest to them had long feared that which now had happened. The Queen then showed a singular courage; she was sick and very weary in mind as well as in body, yet lost not heart; for, quoth she, "God hath given into my care and keeping two beings which are now as helpless the one as the other, and nothing shall overcome my will to defend them till I die." So she with speed assembled a council of nobles and gentlemen and right reverend prelates, and with great judgment and prudence took in hand the government of the realm. She removed the king as soon as he could travel—his body somewhat amended, yet his consciousness not returning—to Westminster, where in two months she expected to lie in. O God, how virtuous was her conduct and wise her haviour at that time! She often said the lack of money was the cause of much evil and embarrassment to sovereigns, and therefore she denied herself in all things save such as are needful for the glory of the crown, or else in the giving of alms, in which she was always very bountiful, and now more than heretofore; for she desired greatly the prayers of the poor, and that many should make suit to God for the king and the unborn prince, for she would not so much as think it possible that her child should be a daughter. One day she gave to a gentleman of her household, who had been visited by heavy misfortunes, *6l. 6s. 8d.*; and to two men, whose stables, which were all their living, had been burnt down, she sent no less than *13l. 6s. 8d.* to rebuild them. And the while for the feeding and maintaining of herself and all her household, she did only spend *7l.* each day. Howsoever she procured fine gear for the coming prince, and notably a christening mantle, which cost *554l.*, and twenty yards of russet cloth of gold to array the font in which he should be baptised, and five hundred and fifty brown sable backs for the trimming of the robe for her churhing. The Bishop of Winchester said to her, a few days before the prince was born, "Madame, if God sends you a fair son—" Upon which she interrupted him, and cried, "I like not your *if*, my lord; *when* should sound better in mine ears." "Ah, madame," his grace replied, "it shall be as God pleases." Then she turned away from him displeased; and I fear me it was in her thoughts, if not on her tongue, that she would not have it as God pleased, except His pleasure should be hers also.

Well, on the 18th of November of that year, as everyone knoweth, the Prince was born at Westminster, and a more comely infant was never seen. The fair visages of his parents were reflected in his face like in a miniature of beauteous workmanship; the tiny features and little limbs being all shaped in so great per-

fection that nothing in nature or art could exceed them. The noble ladies which attended the Queen's churhing—the most notable of which were the Duchess of Bedford and the Duchess of York, the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duchess of Somerset, the Duchess of Suffolk, and the Countess of Warwick— marvelled at the Prince's beauty, and complimented the Queen thereon, who smiled with good cheer; albeit methinks a sharp thorn was joined to the new-blown rose of her happiness, in the thought that he who should have been most glad of that fair boy's birth and christening was, through that grievous malady, ignorant thereof. The Countess of Warwick said agreeably to the Queen that till then she had thought her wenches, Isabel and her lately born Ann, the most beautiful babes in the world; but that now she feared the Prince exceeded them in fairness as in all things else.

But no sooner was this gracious infant born than the Duke of York's friends of all degrees began to wag their tongues in a shameless manner, and to utter horrible falsehoods touching the Queen, so that the most quiet heart which loved her must needs have resented them with anger. I, who was most often with her majesty, and beheld her innocent joy and moving grief in those early days of her first motherhood, when she would clasp her child to her breast and smile in its sweet face, the while tears dropped from her eyes upon his cheeks, which she would straightway wipe away, and declare they should not lie there, for that should be an ill omen; and who heard her, with the eloquent tongue God had given to her, address him with passionate fondness, and promise the fair babe his father should soon welcome him; I, who listened to the vehement prayers she put up for her son that he should be prosperous,—I, who witnessed these emotions, took heed of all her actions and knew her secret mind; how should I, then, feel when these reports reached me, which said this child was not her own, but a common infant pretended to be the Prince, which some declared had never been born, and others to have died after its birth; or, if possible yet more dishonourable falsehoods injurious to her good fame!—how should I feel towards the framers of these vile calumnies! O God, forgive me if I have hated them too bitterly, then and since! All my fear then was that their slanders, which were overspreading the land like an upas tree, blasting her noble repute, should at the last reach her majesty's ears. As long as they were privately uttered by her enemies, or buzzed about among common persons, it was yet possible to hide them from her; but one day when I was speaking in the waiting-chamber with my Lord Clifford touching this point, he told me with bursting rage that my Lord Warwick went open-mouthed into the assemblies of the nobility, and in the streets, and on the Mall, and every public place in London, asserting in a shameless manner that the infant which was called the Prince and Edward of Lancaster was a base-born child of vile parentage, which the King had never acknowledged for his son, and never would. And yester-eve, by his orders, as was believed, a herald appeared at St. Paul's Cross, and proclaimed the same in the hearing of the people. It so happened

on the same day that I went in the afternoon to see a poor person in Cheapside, and I heard there three or four gossips of the common sort, whose tongues ran on this theme; and one of them declared the King would have taken note of the birth of the Prince if he had surely been his son; for it was well known he was a saint, and, albeit in a trance, could discern truth from falsehood; "but," quoth this beldam, "it is will not, not cannot, with his majesty. I warrant you he is inspired therein; and St. John, his good patron, letteth him from taking this false prince into his arms and blessing him, as every king doth his heir, and then all the great lords kneel and salute their future king. But, I pray you, has this been as much as thought of now? I promise you nay; but the Frenchwoman hath tried to cheat her husband and his rightful heir, the good Duke of York; but for all they pretend the King is mad, he hath too great a wit to be deceived."

I returned to the palace very sick at heart, and found my Lord Somerset with the Queen. One look at her face showed me she was informed of these vile slanders. The Duke had told her of the proclamation at St. Paul's Cross, and that the herald thereof had escaped, but he was thought to be a retainer of the Nevilles. O, her visage was greatly altered then! It was beautiful, but with the beauty of a storm at night—dark, fiery, charged with lightning. She was speaking rapidly in a tremulous voice. At first I could not catch what she was saying, but soon I understood that she had learnt the popular credence that the King, through a Divine inspiration, refused to notice his child. This thought seemed to work like fire in her brain. "It shall be proved!" she cried. "It shall be tried, it shall be seen!" and she walked to and fro convulsed with passion. Then suddenly standing still, she commanded the Duke of Somerset instantly to summon the lords of the council straightway to his majesty's chamber, for that she would there before them bring the Prince to his father, "and if there is a God in heaven," she cried, with a wild flash in her eye, "the King will acknowledge him." I shuddered to hear her dare Almighty God by this rash speech, as if she should deny Him if He granted not her suit. But I could not venture to approach, much less to speak to her then. The Duke laboured in vain, beseeching her to forbear this trial. She would not so much as listen to him, but, with her eyes upraised to heaven, less in a prayerful than a defiant tone, she exclaimed, "I will have justice from God and from man! O God, O God! avenge me! Avenge me of these men!"

So she would be obeyed; and my Lords of Canterbury and York, of Bath and of Chichester, and all the chief officers of the state and great lords of the court, were called to the palace in haste, for she would brook no delay. I trembled to see her so confident, and her prayers affrighted me; for she called not on God like a humble creature, but as one having a right to be heard.

When the King's chamber was filled with persons variously disposed, I can remember well that the stillness was awful, for his majesty took cognisance of no one, and his face, as was its wont

in that strange malady, was like that of a carved image, or of one who had died in the act of prayer. The Queen went to the nursery chamber with the Duke of Buckingham, whom she bade take the Prince in his arms and carry him to the King. You would have heard a pin drop in that full chamber, when, as she had commanded him, the Duke presented the Prince to him in a goodly wise, beseeching him to bless him. But his majesty gave no manner of answer. Then the Queen came in and took herself the Prince in her arms and presented him in the like form that the Duke had done. Till the day I die I cannot forget the too vivid look of her face as she held the sleeping infant before the fixed unheeding eyes of the King, or the sound of her voice as she desired him to bless it, so piercing in its whispered tones that it should have almost awakened the dead, if that had been possible. But all that labour was in vain, for there was no answer or countenance on the King's part, save that once, which seemed to make the Queen start with an agonised hope, he looked on the Prince, but then cast his eyes down again without any more notice; and then the Queen went away. When she reached the door, she stood still for one instant with her gaze full fixed on those men who were most her enemies, and seeming amazed she held out the Prince towards them, I wit almost unconsciously; and this moved some of them to approach and make some cheer to her; but then she started and withdrew, and all those present went away in silence.

For some months after this the Queen took no heed of anything but the King's health and the care of the Prince; and except that she always waxed pale when the Earl of Warwick was named, in other matters she seemed more careless than had been her wont of late. When the Archbishop of Canterbury died, and the Duke of York and his party would not suffer her to choose his successor, and then soon afterwards the Duke of Somerset was arrested, and the Duke of York was made Protector by the Parliament, she kept much silence, but day by day watched the King's countenance, as a mariner in a drifting bark watcheth the sky. All November she said he was amending; but methought her desire begat that thought. Howsoever, on St. John's day, when she had been some time gazing on him with much affection,—for she thought how this great saint had been his patron and his teacher in the love of God, and how often his name had been on those now silent lips,—suddenly he spoke and asked for his almoner; and she, fearing by word or look to change the current of returning reason, rose as if this had been a common hap and sent for the good priest. When he came in, the King, who was like one awakened from a long dream, bade him hie to Canterbury and make there his offering to the shrine of St. Thomas, and he also sent an oblation to the tomb of St. Edward. O, how the Queen wept and misdoubted if she should speak to him herself until he called for her; and when he did, with what restrained passion she showed her fearful joy, trembling like one in the presence of a flickering light which is all their stay, and which a breath may extinguish! But it went not out that time; and on the Monday at noon she came to him and

brought my lord the Prince with her, who was then fifteen months old. The King asked what his name was, and then the Queen told him Edward; and he held up his hands and thanked God thereof; and he said he never knew him till that time, nor wist what was said to him, and where he had been whilst he was sick, till now. And he asked who were the godfathers; and the Queen told him, and he was well content. Then he asked for the Cardinal, and she told him that he was dead; and he said he had never heard it till this time, and added, "One of the wisest lords in this land is dead." And my Lord of Winchester and my Lord of St. John of Jerusalem were with him the morrow after Twelfth-day; and he spake to them as well as ever he did, and when they came out they wept for joy. And he said he was in charity with all men, and so he would the lords were. And now he says the matins of our Lady and evensong, and heareth his Mass devoutly.

The Queen hath taken the King to the House of Lords, where he dissolved the Parliament; and the Duke of Somerset hath come out of prison, and is in his old post again. The Duke of York resigned the protectorship with an ill grace, and hath gone to the Marches of Wales. There are rumours that he is raising an army with Salisbury and Warwick, and is marching on London. God defend this should be true! for the Queen hath only yet raised two thousand men.

Here at Greenwich, where the Queen retired with the Prince when the Duke of York advanced, we wait for tidings. She said to me yester eve, "Thus sat my mother twenty-three years ago, when the battle of Bulgneville was fought, and I was not older than this boy."

The King hath written to her Majesty that he sent a message to the Duke of York to ask wherefore he came in hostile array against him, and that the Duke had made answer that he would not lay down his arms unless the Duke of Somerset was dismissed from the King's council, and delivered up to justice. "This angered me," the King wrote, "and God forgive me that for the first, and as I pray and hope the last time in my life, I uttered an oath, and declared to this bold subject that I would as soon deliver up my crown as I would the Duke of Somerset or the least soldier in my army; and that I would treat as a traitor every man who should presume to fight against me in the field." This letter cheered the Queen a little, and she was right glad, she said, the King spake out so roundly; but on the morrow we heard a battle of one hour only had been fought in the town of St. Albans, and a fearful slaughter made of the King's friends; his majesty himself being wounded in the neck by an arrow. York had bent the knee to his forlorn king, and bade him rejoice that his friend was slain. "For God's sake, stay the slaughter of my subjects!" was his answer; and then he was forced to London by these malignant rebels. The Queen hath been for many hours in a stupor of despair.

Here at Hertford Castle, whither the Lord Protector hath banished their majesties, the King being again unconscious, the Queen hath said these words to me: "My friends are killed; my lord the King is insane for a time; Sir John Wenlock, whom I loaded with benefits, hath betrayed and forsaken me; the Duke of York triumphs; the Parliament hath dared to censure my acts. But I am Margaret of Anjou, and my lord is King of England; and none shall crush me,—neither men, devils, or gods!"

"Hush, hush, madame!" I cried, venturing her anger; "for mercy's sake, defy not God."

"I spake not of the good God," she cried; "but of heathen gods, demons, fiends, if you will, which from my birth have made me their sport. If I had been foul, wicked, leprous, they had relented; but being what I am they shall not conquer me, and not one of mine enemies but shall one day confess it had been better for him to have died, than in an evil hour, to dare the vengeance of Margaret of Anjou!"

End of the First Part.

English Premiers.

VII.—CHARLES JAMES FOX.

It was on the 24th of January 1749, that Charles James Fox first saw the light. He was born in Conduit-street, where his father Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, resided with his mother, Lady Georgina Caroline Fox, eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond. Wealth and luxury rocked his cradle, and he was Nature's spoiled child from the first. His quick parts and winning ways far surpassed those of other boys. His sayings when a child were treasured up, and his father would sometimes dine *tête-à-tête* with Charles in a frock and pinafore, and find him "very pert and very argumentative." He loved books, was "dreadfully passionate," and stage-mad. He had, in short, all the finer elements of a gifted intellect, and needed the discipline of heavenly wisdom to make him equally good and great. Mr. Fox and Lady Caroline were fond parents, but too indulgent to the wayward boy of whom they were so proud. At an early age he went to Pampellonne's school at Wandsworth, where many boys of his own rank were prepared for public schools; at nine years old he was sent to Eton, where he studied diligently under the eye of Mr. Francis, the translator of Horace. He was often brought to town for his amusement, and astonished many gray heads by his youthful wisdom. The Duke of Devonshire especially was struck by his "sagacity" when not yet fourteen years old.

1763 was a sad year for little Charles—sad, though brimful of pleasure—for in it he first visited Paris and Spa; first lost and won stakes at a roulette table, and contracted, at his father's side, that passion for play which subsequently damaged his reputation, diverted him from the noblest ends of existence, and pierced him through with many sorrows. On returning to Eton, he had the honour of being flogged by the head master, and also became known as a speaker. His fame in debate brought his father down to hear him perorate, and procured him in return the pleasure of being admitted to the discussion in the House of Commons relative to No. 54 of Wilkes's *North Briton*. In October 1764 Fox entered at Hertford College, Oxford, under Dr. Newcome, afterwards Primate of

Ireland. The letters which he wrote while an undergraduate abound with allusions to public events both political and literary; and though dating from his fifteenth year, they have every appearance of being written by a man of thirty. He paid great attention to French, which he wrote with remarkable ease, whether in prose or verse. "I read much," he said, in a letter to his friend Macartney, "and am vastly fond of mathematics. I believe they are useful, and I am sure they are entertaining." He did not yet know how superficially they were taught at Oxford in his day. The way in which he cautions his friends against gaming is rather amusing, and proves only how much the subject ran in his head. The whole of one vacation he passed with Dickson, afterwards Bishop of Down; and they studied hard together during the day, then adjourned in the evening to the inner part of a bookseller's shop, where they diverted each other by reading aloud in turns all the dramatic poets of England previous to the Restoration. Fox was a capital pedestrian, and on one occasion he and Dickson undertook to walk from Oxford to London without a penny in their pockets. They had not reached Nettlebed, between Benson and Henley, before Fox was so hot and tired that he was compelled to halt at an alehouse and pawn his gold watch for some bread and cheese. Thus fortified, he and his friend arrived at Holland House in the course of the day, and no time was lost in sending the money to redeem the watch.

Many persons foresaw the conspicuous part which Charles would take in politics; and when Lady Holland was expostulating with his father one day on his excessive indulgence, she predicted her darling boy's rivalry with Pitt, who was his junior by ten years. "I have been this morning," she said, "with Lady Hester Pitt (Lady Chatham), and there is little William Pitt, not eight years old, and really the cleverest child I ever saw, and brought up so strictly and so proper in his behaviour that—mark my words—that little boy will be a thorn in Charles's side as long as he lives." Such predictions are seldom fulfilled; for who is so likely as a fond mother to rate her child's talents too highly? Lady Holland, however, did not overshoot the mark, as the subsequent history of England during forty years abundantly testifies. At seventeen Charles James was intimate with Burke, his senior by nineteen years. The most thoughtful and imaginative orator of his day often laid aside the routine of business to converse by the hour with a youth to whose precocious mind few paths of literature or science were wholly untrodden. Fortune and station gave him every facility for completing his education, and crowning it with the bright summers and most brilliant society to be found in the south of France, the Netherlands, Rome, Naples, and Genoa. Mr. Uvedale

Price, the author of *The Picturesque*, accompanied him in his travels. His mornings were devoted to Italian poets and French correspondence; his evenings to friends and fashion and private theatricals, in which he delighted to take a prominent part. He visited Voltaire at Ferney, where travellers from all parts of Europe flocked to pay homage to the misdirected genius of the prince of scoffers. Sometimes they were disappointed with their host. Perhaps Fox and his friend were not over-well pleased. The vain old man did not ask them to dinner, but conversed a short time, while walking in his garden, and after giving them a cup of chocolate, sent them on their way. Something, indeed, he gave them besides the chocolate, and that was a list of some of his works, which he thought might "open their minds and free them from any religious prejudices." "*Voilà*," he said, as he handed them the catalogue, "*des livres dont il faut se munir!*"* No pleasures diverted Charles James from accurate pursuits; but whether French verses, a new game at cards, chess, gardening, or even carving at table, was concerned, he applied himself to it assiduously till he attained the perfection required. His frequent acting on private stages gained him a prodigious knowledge of dramatic poetry, and also produced that easy and varied manner—that heart-touching modulation of voice—which distinguished him from every other orator of his time. His youth was marked with no violence of political opinion one way or the other; and his father's hostility to Chatham having abated when the first Rockingham administration was dismissed, the son's early prejudice against that great man diminished in proportion. He looked back with a smile on the verses he wrote in French in his fifteenth year, in which he had exalted Bute above Pitt both in virtue and wisdom!

Fox was nineteen years and four months old when he was elected member of Parliament for Midhurst. He sat and spoke with much spirit before he was of age. He did not aim at oratory, but his remarks went straight to the point. The Duke of Grafton was premier, and Chatham, his mightiest colleague, stood apart in cloudy retirement. Lord Holland had deserted the Duke of Devonshire and the Whigs, forfeited the friendship of the Duke of Cumberland, and aided Lord Bute in driving out of office all the aristocratic Whig leaders who were obnoxious to the King and his favourite minister. The politics of Charles James, therefore, in the early part of his career, though not extreme, were opposed to those which he afterwards professed, and leaned to the side of absolutism rather than democracy. He sided with the Government in the affair of Wilkes,

* Letter from Uvedale Price to Rogers, Sept. 1814.

and spoke warmly in favour of the return of Colonel Luttrell for Middlesex. He exasperated the City and the populace, of whom Wilkes was the idol, and helped to expose Holland House to the danger of being stormed and burnt. But his services in the cause of outrageous injustice demanded a reward; and Charles James received it in being appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty in 1770. Lord North—indolent, easy, and good-tempered—succeeded the Duke of Grafton; and Lady Holland congratulated herself on Charles's connection with him. "I daresay," she said, "Charles will inspire him with courage." He was certainly bold enough at the gaming-table; but play is serious when kingdoms are in the dicebox. It was a trifle to him to borrow 10,000*l.*, and bring it to town at the risk of being robbed on the road. The rouleaux at Almack's in that day were always 50*l.* each, and 10,000*l.* in gold was generally on the table. The gamblers wore frieze great-coats, or turned their embroidered coats inside out for luck. Pieces of leather guarded their laced ruffles, and high-crowned straw hats kept their hair in place and screened their eyes from the glare of light. With flowers and ribbons in their broad brims, and masks to conceal their emotions, they presented a strange spectacle. A small neat stand stood by each of them to hold the tea and the wooden bowl, ormolu-edged, which contained the rouleaux. Then the Jews—the Jews—in what Fox called his Jerusalem Chamber—what sums they lent on exorbitant usury!

By degrees his mind freed itself from the petty notions in which he had been brought up. His intimacy with Burke led him to sift many favourite fallacies; and his father's death, together with some discontent with Lord North on personal grounds, led him to separate from the Ministry, and start afresh on his own account. The pressure of debt urged him to new exertion. He was the victim of a ruinous confederation of aristocratic blacklegs, and the debts he contracted by the time he was twenty-four years of age amounted to 140,000*l.* These were subsequently discharged from Lord Holland's estate; but the fact of having incurred them ought to have produced some sense of shame in Fox's mind, and to have checked his tongue when he uttered such violent philippics against the plunder and rapine of Lord Clive. But if Horace Walpole can be trusted, he was "as proud of shining in his vices as by his parts." His "aversion to all restraints," and his opposition to the King's pet bill for controlling the marriages of Royal Princes, made him an object of dislike to George III.; and though for a time he was partially restored to ministerial favour, Lord North removed him from the Treasury in 1774, from which period his political career really begins.

The questions raised by the American war compelled men to choose their sides; and in 1774, when Fox was in his 25th year, those questions assumed their definite shape. The struggle for independence commenced; and the Americans, who had hitherto been loyal to the mother country, became estranged and rebellious through misrule and coercion. Fox had not been taught in his youth to examine seriously the questions of the day, and he could not be expected to make much progress in the science of political economy while sitting at hazard—as he did on one occasion twenty-two hours in succession—and losing—as he lost in one day and night—11,000*l.* at a sitting. But the period of mature reflection arrived at last; he adopted higher views of politics, and more popular motives of action than he had learned from his father, while at the same time, in resisting needless war and intolerance in every shape, he adhered to the principles of Sir Robert Walpole, which had become traditional in his family. He therefore threw his entire strength into the scale of the Opposition. He inveighed loudly against Lord North for his pusillanimity—"his impudent and shameless silence." The prime minister, with his usual quickness and humour, replied, that he had never before heard of impudent silence, but he had seen gentlemen on their legs whose shameless impudence shocked all mankind. Of course he upbraided Fox as a traitor; but the young orator went on developing his vast powers of debate, and confessed that his support of Lord North had been the greatest folly of his life. The year 1775 was passed in vain attempts to restrain the frantic conduct of the Government; but the efforts of the Opposition, as Lord Rockingham said, were like the pulling of a child against a runaway horse, they only made the animal's speed more furious; perhaps he would stop the sooner if he were let alone. Fox was fully convinced the Americans would succeed; nor did he dread any thing so much as the triumph of the Tories. There would be an end of all progress, he said, if they finally gained the upper hand. But the champion of liberty was himself the slave of corruption. He abandoned none of his dissolute habits, was seldom in bed before five in the morning, nor out of it before two in the afternoon. In Paris and in London it was all the same. "*Il me semble*," wrote Madame du Deffand, "*que Monsieur Fox est toujours dans une sorte d'ivresse. Il joint à beaucoup d'esprit de la bonté, de la vérité; mais cela n'empêche pas qu'il ne soit détestable.*"

Though it is pleasant in these papers to recur to the history sketched in previous numbers, and to fill up some of their outlines, the notices we possess of Fox's parliamentary life in 1777 supply few additional materials, because they differ little from those

of the preceding year. He was still what the lady above cited called him—*un charmant extravagant*, and a thorn in Lord North's side. When Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga with 3,500 men, Fox made a most brilliant attack on the American Secretary, Lord George Germaine, whom he compared to Doctor Sangrado—he *would* persist in drawing blood because he had written a book upon bleeding! The summer sun of this year smiled on a friendship formed by Fox on the banks of the Lakes of Killarney. It was here that he became acquainted with the eloquent Grattan, who claimed for Ireland that independent parliament which had been denied to America, and advocated, with Fox and Burke, the electoral claims of Irish Catholics. Here too Fox and his friend Lord John Townshend bathed in the Devil's Punch Bowl, and escaped all the consequences to be feared from its extreme coldness. Their rashness, of course, was taken as a proof of spirit.

Public events passed on slowly, but in the direction Fox expected. The 17th of February 1778 was equally memorable and ignominious in our annals. Lord North, who had so long been boasting that he could enslave America, laid before the House his plan of conciliation. He was willing to treat with Congress, and recognise the independence of the colonies virtually, but not in words. The members listened in amaze; and when the premier had well humbled himself by coming over to the views of the Opposition, Charles Fox rose, and asked whether a treaty of peace and commerce had not been concluded between France and the United States within the last ten days. Lord North was thunderstruck, for he did not know that the secret had transpired. He persisted in silence till Burke and Sir George Savile forced him to admit that he had heard some report of the treaty in question. "Some report" of such a treaty ten days old! As many minutes would suffice now to blazon it through Europe. A war with France was imminent; and Lord North, who had long been ill at ease in his high dignity, wished to retire. Nothing but the King's entreaties induced him to remain in office. Negotiations with Fox, Chatham, and some other members of the Opposition were set on foot, but failed. Chatham was impracticable, Lord North undecided, and the King, who was "his own unadvised minister," frustrated every attempt at coalition by his intense antipathy to the Whigs, and his narrow-minded aversion to everything in the shape of liberty and reform. Lord North was his ideal of a minister; he besought him to abide at his post with an earnestness almost puerile, and declared again and again by letter and by word of mouth that he would rather lose his crown than be made a slave for the rest of his days to Lord Rockingham, Chatham,

Fox, or any other member of the Opposition. He would tolerate none of them but as supporters of North—that tottering pillar of the state.

The will of George III. in most matters was unfortunately backed by public opinion to a great extent. The people saw in his resolution "to prosecute the war"—they are his own words—"in all the quarters of the globe," a proof of firmness rather than of infatuation, and they admired what they would have resisted, if they had been better informed. They depended chiefly on the Court for their knowledge of foreign affairs; and the Court, with its numerous dependents, took care to deceive them to the uttermost. No telegrams told on 'Change what battles were being fought, what provinces lost or won, in every corner of the earth; but newspapers were comparatively rare, miserably informed, and perplexed with tardy rumours of uncertain and distant events. Negotiations were renewed with Fox, Rockingham, and the Duke of Richmond, with a view to coalition. Lord North admitted that he had long pursued a course which he disapproved.* A French and Spanish invasion was hourly expected; and the combined squadrons, numbering sixty or seventy sail, were seen off the Lizard. Since the days of Elizabeth no spectacle more mortifying had been witnessed; yet the King still insisted on every means being employed "to keep the empire entire," and refused to part with Lord North, whom he governed, for any member of the Opposition—Camden, Shelburne, or Gower—who might govern him. North waited for the tide of popular feeling to turn, as he knew it would. In 1780 it rose higher, recoiled again before the strength which the Lord George Gordon riots lent to the Government, and then rose and rolled onward till it reached the level on which Fox and Lord North floated side by side in destined coalition. They were not so far apart as men supposed. Each was in some degree acting a part. Lord North's convictions did not go along with his arbitrary measures, and Fox was often a demagogue because he was out of place. When Lord North in 1780 declared, in spite of the rioters, that he would act on the principles of toleration towards Catholics which he had laid down, Fox spoke with cordial and grateful admiration of the sentiments that had fallen from the premier's lips. He was now member for Westminster, and neither duelling nor gambling seemed to cripple his march. He was, as Horace Walpole called him, "the hero in Parliament, at the gaming-table, at Newmarket;" and his heroism lost none of its prestige by the appearance of a rival whose advent he had the generosity to welcome. Lord North said that

* North Mss., Lord John Russell's Memorials of Fox, i. 212.

Pitt made the best maiden speech he had ever heard ; and Fox, to whom jealousy was unknown, hurried up to the young orator, and complimented and encouraged him warmly on the rare talents he had displayed. Fox's debts and popularity increased together. His library was taken in execution and sold by auction. Among the books was the first volume of Gibbon's *History of the Decline and Fall*, which had been given to him by the author, and this volume, in consequence of the owner having written an anecdote on one of its flyleaves, sold for three guineas. But the King disliked Fox as much as ever ; nor indeed was there much love lost between them. His Majesty writes : " Every thing that comes from that quarter" (meaning Fox) " must necessarily be unjust and indecent ;" and Charles James writes of George III. : " It is intolerable to think that it should be in the power of one blockhead to do so much mischief." This language was not very flattering to the King, but it was hardly unjust. Even after Lord Cornwallis and his army had surrendered, he resisted as stoutly as ever the recognition of the United States ; and it is no wonder that his own son and brother treated him sometimes as if he were in his dotage. He complained that they would not speak to him when they were hunting together, and that one day, when the chase ended at a little village where there was but a single post-chaise to be hired, they—the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cumberland—got into it, drove to London, and left him to get home in a cart, if he could find one !

In the year 1782 a change for the better took place. The Opposition drove North into a furious rage, though he had always been a laughing philosopher when backed by a large majority. Pitt now made his declaration that he would never accept a subordinate post in the new Administration ; and King George III., to whom peace with America and utter ruin were one and the same thing, talked of migrating to Hanover, and actually had the royal yacht prepared to transport him to a foreign shore. In March 1782 Lord Rockingham formed a ministry without even being admitted to the royal presence. So distasteful was a Whig to George III. that he would not see him one moment before he was obliged.. All was transacted through the medium of Shelburne ; and the marquis, who, by reason of his political integrity and fair fame, least of all politicians deserved the affront, was compelled to submit to it. Fox became Secretary of State with Shelburne ; and Pitt, who would not play a second part to any one, refused all preferment. Lord North retired with a pension of 4,000*l.* a-year—soon to return. Lord Shelburne did nothing but intrigue ; and Fox laid cards aside, was assiduous in business, and charmed every one by his good humour

and frankness. Members of Brookes's, who had paid up arrears of four or five years' subscription to enjoy the society of a minister, were grievously disappointed to find that he rarely looked in, and never dined there. His attention as Secretary of State was directed mainly to two points—the conclusion of peace with France, Spain, and Holland, on the basis of independence to be granted by England to the thirteen colonies of North America; and, secondly, the discontent in Ireland, of which Lord Charlemont and Grattan were the most distinguished exponents, which were analogous with those of America, and concerned the measure of autonomy due to the Irish people and Parliament. It was suspected that Lord Shelburne intrigued against Fox in reference to the first point, and that he overruled the Cabinet in its deliberations on Fox's plan of recognising American independence unconditionally, and without any reservation respecting the King's authority on the other side of the Atlantic. During the short ministry of Lord Rockingham, the claims of the Irish were satisfied for the time by the repeal of the 6th George I., and by Great Britain's renouncing her authority over the legislative and judicial arrangements of the sister isle. This was called "the constitution of '82." Lord Rockingham died on the 1st of July; and Fox, who had for some months been deeply dissatisfied with Lord Shelburne the new premier, refused to act with him. He complained that knowledge had been withheld from him which was indispensable to the performance of his duties, and that Shelburne was playing into the hands of the King and the anti-Whig party. He had never been intimate with that nobleman, whom George III. nicknamed "the Jesuit;" and when he discovered that a double negotiation for peace was carried on with Franklin, and that the instructions given to Oswald by Lord Shelburne differed from those which he himself gave to his agent in the matter—Grenville—he naturally desired to dissolve his connection with a statesman whom he could not trust, and who, though always opposed to the American war, had studiously kept aloof from the Rockingham party, and pursued a separate and independent line of politics. Fox dined with the Prince of Wales on the day of his resignation, and solaced himself with the flowing goblet and the smiles of future royalty. Though out of office, his readiness in debate, his easy eloquence and sound judgment marked him as the leader of the Whigs. Burke was the only man among them who could compete with him; but his style of oratory was less popular, and his views were less practicable.

The rival, whose appearance on the stage of public life he had so generously welcomed, was now Chancellor of the Exchequer. They

were both second sons of eminent rivals and leaders of the House of Commons, and critics were never tired of comparing and contrasting their several merits and powers. Thus Pitt was praised for his industry and sobriety, while Fox was censured for his indolence and dissipation. Pitt was a philosopher from a boy; Fox was to the end Nature's spoilt child. Pitt attained his ends by the studious exercise of every art; Fox by a kind of careless grandeur. Pitt was the statesman all over, and the man of pleasure only by accident; Fox made pleasure the business of life, and the affairs of government were his relaxation.

In February 1783 Lord Shelburne resigned. He had not the confidence of the Whigs, neglected his colleagues, consulted no one but Pitt, and hoped to maintain himself solely by the King. A coalition between Fox and Lord North was warmly advocated by Sheridan and Burke. Sheridan often denied this afterwards; but the fact is established. The coalition was unpopular. Fox lost many Whig adherents because he leagued with North, and North many Tories because he clave to Fox. A booby named Martin declared that the House ought to keep a starling in the lobby to vociferate "No coalition!" all day; but Lord North, whose humour helped him over many a stile, replied that the House had the advantage already of possessing a *Martin* quite as competent to the office as any starling that could be found. There was no one in the kingdom who disliked the coalition more than the King. When Fox kissed hands on his appointment, George III. turned back his ears and eyes like the pony at Astley's when the tailor he intends to throw is mounting him. "Did I ever think, my Lord Guildford," he said to the Queen's chamberlain, "that Lord North would have delivered me up in this manner to Mr. Fox?" He hated Whigs; and not even when Lord Rockingham was dying would he send to inquire for him. He actually wrote to Lord Weymouth, desiring his support "against his new tyrants." He proposed to make William Pitt prime minister, though he was not past twenty-three years of age. The young Chancellor of the Exchequer discreetly refused, and the King talked again about going to Hanover. The Prince of Wales, however, was now Fox's devoted disciple, and attended the school of politics which he had opened at his lodgings in St. James's-street. Every morning, as soon as he had risen, the master appeared in his dressing-gown, with unkempt hair, surrounded by his admiring followers. It was not till the 2d of April that the new Administration was formed under the Duke of Portland; Lord North and Fox were the Secretaries of State, and the motive power of the ministry was in the genius of the latter. In this sense only was he an English

premier, for neither now nor at any other time was he First Lord of the Treasury. Like Cartaret and Chatham, he guided the car of State, while the reins were nominally in another's hands.

The King was civil to his new ministers, but no more. He could not deny that Fox behaved extremely well; but he could not forget or forgive his intimacy with that disobedient son, the Prince of Wales. He found Charles James remarkably free from the pride, arrogance, and petulance for which he had given him credit; and he was compelled to make him, many years later, an *amende honorable* for all his coldness towards him. He had always, he said in 1806, known that "he was a gentleman," and it was some comfort to transact business with one who deserved that appellation. It would have been hard indeed if a man of transcendent abilities, three times Secretary of State, never got one compliment from his royal master. Yet, "gentleman" as he was, George III. never ceased for one moment to plot against him. Even Fox's attempt to obtain a grant of 100,000*l.* a year for the Prince of Wales was looked upon with displeasure; and his laudable efforts to complete the work of peace by a final treaty, and to balance the power of the Bourbons in Europe, were regarded with distrust and dislike. The fatal affair of the East India Bill was hailed by the sovereign with delight, as affording fresh hopes of freeing himself from the trammels of the Whigs. It is time alone that brings to light the secret springs of events, draws the curtains of cabinet councils, and strips the ruler of the disguise of state. The public supposed that North and Fox could not coalesce without sacrifice of principles, little knowing that they agreed at bottom no less in their kind and genial dispositions than in their political and social views. The King, instead of wishing himself dead every morning, ought to have been proud of such a minister as Fox, whose despatches were admired by Frederick the Great and the Empress Catherine for the clearness and elegance of their style, and also for the sagacious and conciliatory designs which they unfolded.

Misrule in India had long been a cause of anxiety in England. The powers of the Governor-General had never been accurately defined; it was uncertain to whom he was responsible; and the excesses committed by Clive and Warren Hastings had been tolerated only on account of the important services and brilliant exploits by which they had been set off. But however grateful the country might feel to these remarkable men for founding and consolidating the British Empire in India, it was clearly the duty of the legislature to provide a Magna Charta for the people of Hindostan; to secure to the trampled tenants of Bengal, Bahar, Orissa, and

Benares, of the Carnatic and Oude, the free growth of their rice; to protect such princes as the Great Mogul, Surajah Dowlah, Meer Jaffier, the Nabob of Arcot, and the Begums of Oude, from being bought and sold, with all their treasures, subjects, armies, and dominions, by the clerks and boys* of the East India Company; and to screen the natives from exactions so terrible and ruinous, that some idea may be gained of their extent from the fact that Fizulla Khan was required to furnish cavalry to the Company at a cost of 300,000*l.* a year out of a principality not so large as the county of Norfolk. The bill introduced by Fox was intended to lay the axe to the root of these abuses; to wrest the administration of India from the hands of the Company, and vest it in a board of seven directors, assisted by eight persons employed to manage the trade of the proprietors. All the fifteen were to be chosen by Parliament in the first instance, and to remain in office during four years. After that time the directors were to be named by the Crown. The measure was open to grave objections, and ultimately failed. It was thought unjust to abolish the chartered rights of the Company, and unsafe to place so much influence in the hands of the King and Mr. Fox. It was virtually to make the Foreign Secretary of State the arbiter of the fate of India, and to subject to his control the lives and fortunes of thirty million of Orientals. It was little to the purpose that Earl Fitzwilliam, the chairman of the proposed board, was eminently virtuous, and that his government would resemble that of Trajan and Nerva rather than of Clive and Hastings. In a few years at the latest he would be succeeded by another, whose probity might not be proof against the temptation of palaces, bazaars, and mosques teeming with inexhaustible treasures.

It was Fox's earnest desire that the Administration of 1783 should be rendered durable. Towards his young rival he felt neither resentment nor jealousy; and if he had only been allowed the opportunity, he would have welcomed him to the ministry with open arms. We find him writing in September to Lord Ossory: "If Pitt could be persuaded (but I despair of it), I am convinced he would do more real service to the country than any man ever did." Though often strenuous opponents, the hearts of these two statesmen were always yearning towards each other; and each of them felt by turns how much strength he should derive from the other's counsels.

The East India Bill was defeated in the House of Lords entirely by the King's unconstitutional interference. He privately signified his dislike of the measure to several peers, and it was rejected by a majority of eight. The Prince of Wales voted with the ministers.

* Burke's Speech on Fox's East India Bill.

The Parliament was to be dissolved in the middle of the session, and Fox disputed the legality of the act. "It was a struggle," Dr. Johnson said, "between George III.'s sceptre and Mr. Fox's tongue." A difference had arisen between the King and the Commons. A majority in the Lower House had passed the India Bill; but the King disapproved it, and caused its overthrow in the Lords. He ought not thus to have intrigued against his own ministers; but having done so, and the business of the State being stopped, he clearly had the right of appealing to the people for the settlement of the dispute. If it was wrong in the King to tamper with the peers as he had done, it was equally wrong in Fox to propose that the House should go into committee on the state of the nation, and render its own dissolution impossible. The conduct of Fox and the King was at variance with the spirit of the Constitution, though in different ways; and Fox's own words might have been retorted on himself. "Let us," he said, "preserve the beauty of our Constitution; of that happy practicable equilibrium which has all the efficacy of monarchy, and all the liberty of republicanism, moderating the despotism of the one, and the licentiousness of the other." The contest lasted three months; and when at last Parliament was dissolved in March 1784, the general election proved adverse to Fox. The King obtained a complete triumph over the Whigs; the two greatest statesmen in England were separated for life; the conciliation of Ireland was deferred a quarter of a century; and the Catholic emancipation, which Pitt and Fox alike recommended, was delayed more than forty years. Had Pitt, with his genius for commerce and finance, united with Fox, who was far better skilled than himself in foreign affairs, their ministry would have been the strongest and most brilliant England has ever seen.

Pitt's rise to office was the direct consequence of royal intrigue. By the advice of Lord Thurlow and Earl Temple the King had authorised the latter to state that he should regard every peer as his enemy who voted for the East India Bill. If these terms were not sufficiently strong, Lord Temple was at liberty to use any other words he might think stronger and more to the purpose. Pitt was supposed to be privy to this menace, and some odium attached to him on that account. Of the India Bill, which he himself brought forward, I shall have to speak more particularly when sketching his eventful life; in the mean time let it suffice to say that the acts of violence, spoliation, and treachery which sullied the fame and disgraced the government of Lord Clive and Hastings in Hindostan were brought to a close by the memorable impeachment which

afforded such ample scope to the oratory of Sheridan and Burke. The public became familiar by force with the results of Burke's industry during twenty years. The map of India from Mount Imaus to Cape Comorin lay open before their mind's eye, and villagers laid their pipes on the table to talk over the cruel execution of Nuncomar, the chief Brahmin of Bengal; the riches and grandeur of the city of Benares, and the wholesale plunder of its Rajah, Cheyte Sing; the "durance vile" of the Princesses of Oude in the "Beautiful Dwelling" at Fyzabad, and the enormous sums of money wrung from them by the remorseless Hastings. Popular indignation was at its height when his evil deeds were depicted in their darkest colours by the most powerful orators of their day; when Fox opened the charges against him, and Pitt—though he alleged many arguments in Hastings's defence—concluded by voting for Fox's motion; when Burke impeached him in Westminster Hall in a speech which will ever remain conspicuous in English literature, and the sparkling fancy and musical periods of Sheridan supplied all that was wanting to the more weighty and gorgeous rhetoric of his illustrious rival and friend. Many years rolled by before the trial was completed and the decision pronounced. The very delay indicated that the sentence would not be severe. Hastings, in fact, was acquitted. His faults were grave; but the services he had rendered to his country and to India, the abilities he had displayed during his administration, were so marked, that he appeared on the whole, after the most patient and sifting inquiry, to be a subject for reward rather than punishment. His trial was necessary to vindicate the honour of the British Parliament, and to deter all future governors of India from imitating the craft of the Bengalees and the violence of the Rohillas.

The distinctions which long existed in the public mind between Pitt and Fox as respectively Tory and Whig were singularly incorrect, though there were certain broad features in their several careers which gave rise to the notion. Sometimes, indeed, in the course of their long conflicts, we see them, as it were, changing sides and occupying, Fox the Tory ground, and Pitt the Whig. Fox clamours against Pitt's commercial treaty with France, and encourages the odious doctrine that the French are our natural enemies: Fox maintains that the Prince of Wales has as clear a right to be Regent during his royal father's incapacity for business as if the King were dead; and Pitt, on the contrary, declares that the Prince of Wales has, without the authority of Parliament, no more right to exercise the powers of government than any other person; that "kings and princes derive their power from the people; and to the people alone, through the organ of their representatives, does it appertain to decide

in cases for which the Constitution has made no specific or positive provision." Thus Fox's doctrine tended to set aside the authority of Parliament, and Pitt's teaching endangered the monarchy by weakening the principle of hereditary right.

The letter of advice which Fox wrote to the Prince of Wales in 1785, respecting his projected marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, is familiar to all who have read the Hon. Charles Langdale's life of that virtuous lady. The statesman regarded his royal highness with sincere friendship, and was anxious to deter him from a step which, if taken publicly, would exclude the Prince from the succession to the crown, and which, if contracted in private, would have no force whatever in point of law. The singular expedient by which the heir-apparent satisfied Mrs. Fitzherbert's scruples of conscience was worthy of his selfish nature. While it bound her, it left him perfectly free; and the Protestant public, even if it had not been kept in profound ignorance of the fact, would have considered a marriage-tie that linked the Prince to a Papist as more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Mrs. Fitzherbert never forgave Fox for asserting in the House of Commons that no marriage of any description had ever taken place between herself and the Prince. He had certainly been led into error in the first instance by the Prince himself; but on the other hand he took no pains to become better informed, and was most unwilling to be disabused of his mistake. The view which he took of the entire subject was that of a thorough man of the world; and he was more anxious about the Prince's title to the crown being undisputed, and his children being legitimate according to English law, than he was about the honour of a most amiable and excellent lady, and the religious grounds on which the Prince ought to have avoided the crime of bigamy.

The Story of Alexandrine.

PART II.

THE strength which had supported Alexandrine de la Ferronays during the last weeks of her husband's illness and up to the moment of his death did not immediately desert her after she had exchanged the anxieties and exertions of attendance on a dying bed for the stillness and blank repose of a bereaved mourner. She was enabled calmly to assist at the preparations for Albert's funeral, to watch, pray, and write by his side as he lay in his coffin, to accompany it to the door, and then, hiding herself with her sister Eugénie in a corner of the Church of St. Roch, to be present at the solemn requiem Mass which was celebrated for his soul. But a reaction naturally followed after these last touching duties had been paid; and beautiful and Christian as are the feelings expressed by her at this time, and calm and resigned as was her outward bearing, still to those who saw her most closely it was evident that she had fallen into a state of the deepest prostration and gloom, as the sense of her utter loneliness crept upon her, and she seemed to find herself in the world with nothing to do, nothing to care for, and nothing to hope. Her chief support during these sad days was in the conversation of the Abbé Gerbet. A week after her husband's death, she left Paris with her family for Boury, the country house in Normandy which had now become the home of the La Ferronays. Boury was a large house, rather more like a Parisian "hotel" than an ordinary French château, but with an air of gloom and dreariness about it caught from the sombre and uninteresting character of the dull flat country in which it was placed. Eugénie de la Ferronays said that it had a spell of ill-luck about it, and it certainly was connected with many domestic calamities, accidents, and bereavements to her family. Albert and Alexandrine had been on their way to take up their abode at Boury with the rest of the La Ferronays when he had been taken so alarmingly ill at Venice. Alexandrine had looked forward to the fulfilment of this plan with delight, and they had busied themselves in arranging and making purchases for the furniture of the apartment which they were to occupy. It was of course a mournful commentary on the schemes of happiness which they had been forming that she should arrive there as his widow.

Her life at Boury, however, gradually became a happy one. She was surrounded by the tenderest sympathies: Eugénie de la Ferronays watched over her incessantly, and there was too much of natural brightness and spring in her character to allow her, even under the most piercing grief, to be hopelessly gloomy. It was

arranged that she should go to meet her mother in Germany in the summers, when the Princess Lapoukhyn usually left Korsen for some months, though, as years passed on, this happened less frequently than had been anticipated. The rest of her time Alexandrine was to spend in her husband's family. Her first absence began about a month after her arrival at Boury: she went to Paris, to spend a short time in sorrowful prayer in the room in which her husband had died, and thence passed on to Kreuznach, to meet her mother. Her letters at this time show much depression, though not unrelieved by cheerfulness. She talks about being able to do nothing but listen to music, of which she was passionately fond: but we shall soon see how she outgrew this incapacity for exertion. We find her again at Boury at the end of September 1836, where she was soon joined by the Abbé Gerbet, who remained with the La Ferronays till the May of the following year. His presence was an inexpressible comfort to Alexandrine. She found in him a gentle and enlightened guide for her soul, very patient too in dealing with natural weakness, and skilful in availing himself of every opportunity to strengthen her by opening to her the sources of supernatural comfort. He was a man of cultivated mind as well as of deep piety, a theologian and a poet, one of that brilliant circle which had gathered around M. de la Mennais while a champion of the Church, and had fallen off from him when he raised his voice against its chief authority. He could enter into her tastes as well as understand her feelings and share her reminiscences, and he could find verses full of hope and consolation to be sung to the favourite tunes with which the memory of her husband was linked. It seems to have been his mission during these seven or eight months to exercise this continual and gradually healing influence upon her soul. At the end of the time which he spent at Boury—May 1837—we find M. de Montalembert writing to Alexandrine, and complaining of this retirement and inaction of the Abbé Gerbet as a sort of dereliction of his duties to the Church—more especially as it was just the time when people were expecting him to publish something in answer to the last attack made by De la Mennais on the Holy See. Alexandrine's answer, sprightly, graceful, and thoroughly sensible as it is, is one of the most characteristic letters in Mrs. Craven's volumes. But even earlier than this, we find her full of cheerfulness and even gaiety. Though the sense of her loss was ever fresh and unimpaired upon her, her strength and spirits grew so as to make it in time no overwhelming burthen. The life at Boury was not very unlike that of an English country house, as far as the ladies were concerned, and taking into consideration the perfect retirement in which the family lived. Eugénie and her younger sister Olga taught classes in the village school; they had a chapel in the house, and there was a good deal to be done in the way of training a choir and managing the music: the poor and sick were visited, relieved, and nursed. Alexandrine took her full share in the work, and when in the summer of 1838 Eugénie and Olga were absent on a tour in England, she became the "visible Providence" of the village herself, and had her whole time occupied in household

affairs or works of charity. The scenes described in Mrs. Craven's book at this time give us glimpses of the quiet happy life in which the sorrows of the young widow were gradually soothed and elevated. Such are the midnight Masses at Christmas, surrounded by as much devotion as could be engendered by flowers, lights, handsome vestments, and music of which the ladies were justly proud. Then we hear of the tricks played by the young people upon the elder, whose sight is short, by means of an enormous doll-dog, a plaything left at Boury by the child of the eldest son. This member of the family is dressed up in various disguises, and placed in all sorts of surprising and alarming attitudes. In the midst of these gaieties comes a touching description of the first anniversary of Alexandrine's marriage-day since her loss. Her mother-in-law writes of her: "Il est impossible d'être plus suave qu'elle ne l'est. Ce mot a l'air d'être fait pour elle." The whole family went to communion on the day, the Abbé Gerbet said a Mass of thanksgiving, and told her to thank God for Albert, for their marriage, and for her entrance into the Church. "Enfin," says Eugénie to her sister, "il a su rendre la journée d'hier plutôt une journée d'espérance que de regret." The whole family seemed to have been drawn nearer to heaven since the loss of Albert. The anniversary of the marriage was followed, at a distance of about two months, by that of Albert's death. Alexandrine and the La Ferronays went to Paris for the last fortnight in June, that they might spend the days on the spot which had been the scene of their bereavements. The letters of this time are full of touching tenderness. The suite of rooms in the Rue Madame in which they had stayed during Albert's last illness had been kept by Alexandrine, although she had never resided in them, and now the whole party visited and prayed in them. They were able also to renew one of the happiest and holiest memories connected with their loss by receiving communion together from the same hand which had administered to Albert the Viaticum. As Albert had died on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, it was impossible to have an ordinary requiem Mass celebrated for him, a circumstance which struck Alexandrine as a matter of rejoicing. She lent the rooms to the Abbé Martin de Noirliu, who took up his abode in them for a time, and was succeeded by other priests as long as Alexandrine indulged her feelings by retaining them as her own: but after some years, she denied herself this satisfaction. She seems to have prayed for some special opportunity of doing good on the anniversaries of her husband's death, and the Abbé Gerbet provided her with a suitable work of charity in bringing before her notice a poor and worthy student who was unable for want of means to enter a seminary and become a priest. We find her on the next anniversary of Albert's death again strangely brought across an opportunity of a somewhat similar kind. She had gone to Ischl to meet her mother, and on the anniversary of her husband's death they had passed into some new lodgings. She gives an account of the incident in a letter to Eugénie.

"Yesterday it came into my head to go into the garden. If I had not gone there, I should never have gone to that other place

where I had the happiness to go. I admired the roses, the butterflies, and so on: then I sat down in a little summer-house to read Bossuet, when to my astonishment I heard the bells of the church ring. I imagined that something was going on in the church, and asked a servant. She told me in great agitation that it was the Blessed Sacrament that was sent for to the young priest who was ill. I had already heard my mother speak of this young priest—and had had a battle with my own shyness to tell her that I wished to go and see him. Now I went as a matter of course. I knelt down with everyone else at the gateway while the priests passed, then I went upstairs after them, and was present while he received the Viaticum and Extreme Unction. All present were in tears, even the curé himself. Then I asked leave to go up to the sick man; I said that I had seen my husband die of the same disease. I was greatly moved. A sufferer from consumption—and a young priest dying! He had only been a priest eleven months, and I knew that he had made himself ill by study! All this seemed to me something very sacred. He had a peaceful smile on his face: I asked his blessing, and knelt by the side of his bed. He seemed full of feeling, and placed his icy hands on my head. The thought remained with me all day with great sweetness. I was wishing to go and see him again to-day; he had told me that he should like it: happily they came to tell me that he was worse, and that they expected his death from one moment to another. This gave me an excuse for going back the same evening. Thanks to God! my mother, happily, never keeps me from such things as this.

"He asked me to excuse his not speaking, as it was forbidden him. I looked at him with pity and respect,—I saw the oppression which was on him, which I knew, alas, too well,—and then thinking it cruel to be sitting there without being good for anything, I was going to take leave, when the blessed thought came to me to tell him how glad I should be to be able to do anything for him. Then he said gently, 'There might be something.'—I asked quickly, what? He said, 'If I knew all the circumstances,'—I urged him to speak, and he said—(here again and afterwards I found that strange symptom of these diseases, that people think they shall get well)—that when he grew better, he would tell me. You may imagine whether I urged him. Then he said, 'It cannot be said here.' There was a nurse present. I understood him, and she happily understood him too, and went quietly out of the room. Then I told him that we were alone. He hesitated: it was too bold, he said. At last I exclaimed that I begged him to regard me as a sister, and to speak to me as such—that we were all one family. This made him speak at once. He had a debt which he thought immense. (It was of 300 francs.) He had studied, being all the time quite poor, and his books had ruined him—and his parents have eleven children! It was a terrible torment to him to leave them this debt to pay: he had only within a few days calculated the sum. You may suppose how I told him at once that he owed it no longer, and how happy I was! He began to thank me, and I to thank him for the great joy which

he had given me. O! to hear him say that a great weight had been taken off his heart. He said he could not have been so bold but for his illness, but that illness changes everyone. When I told him to sleep well that night, he smiled on me with a look which seemed to tell me that he could do so now."

She goes on to tell the rest of the incident, the extreme happiness which it gave her, and the great gratitude of the young priest, who died a short time after she had left Ischl. She had become much attached to the place during her short stay.

"I am astonished that I have been able to love a place so much as I have loved Ischl, and to attach myself so much to a new spot. It is the holy universal bond of union which has been the cause of it: wherever this same love reigns one can become as much attached, as if there had been an old affection. Longer than my life lasts prayers will be said at Ischl for 'Albert and his wife;' the peasants in these pious mountains say 'that Ischl will always wear mourning for him.' It often happens in this life that we love things best at the moment when we are to leave them: and, in fact, the last days which I spent at Ischl were the sweetest to me—so sweet as to astonish me. I regret much to leave these holy poor, and also the excellent priests whom I have found here."

We have departed by anticipation from the order of time in placing here this anecdote of the dying priest. After the first anniversary of her husband's death (June 1837) Alexandrine returned to stay at Boury, and in the following October, a tomb in the cemetery at that place having been prepared, the body of Albert was transferred to it from Paris. Alexandrine went to Paris with M. de la Ferronays and her sister-in-law Eugénie to fetch it, and the latter gives a touching account of the journey, and of the arrival of the coffin at Boury. She describes Alexandrine as full of grief, but at the same time calm, simple, and resigned. The day after this second burial of her husband, before the stone was placed over the tomb, she went down into the grave, which had been made large enough to contain her own coffin also at some future time, and kissed for the last time that of Albert. The cemetery now became a sort of daily pilgrimage for the family, who all hoped to find their last resting-place in it, though with two of them at least it was not so to be.

The second volume of Mrs. Craven's narrative, which is meant to give an account of all the members of her family who have passed from this world, is occupied to a considerable extent with details relating to her two younger sisters, Eugénie and Olga. As it is our purpose to confine ourselves more especially to the unfolding of Alexandrine's character, we must pass but lightly over the pictures given us of the others. Eugénie de la Ferronays was a striking character. She appears throughout the earlier narrative and correspondence as a high-minded though impressionable girl, full of religious fervour, active in works of charity, the leader in good, careless as to the requirements of society when they came across religious professions or practices, and somewhat exuberant in avowing her taste for a life above the world. After the Abbé Gerbet, she

was Alexandrine's main support in the earlier months of her widowhood. At the time, however, at which we have now arrived, Eugénie had begun to soften so far as to be inobtrusive in her religiousness : and in the course of the autumn of 1837 we find her engaged to be married to a friend of old standing, M. Adrien de Mun. The Marquis and Marquise de Mun, his parents, had lately been almost crushed by grief at the loss of their daughter, and M. de la Ferrouays had spent some time with them at Lumigny to endeavour to console them. This seems to have brought on a very frequent intercourse between the families, one of the fruits of which was the marriage in question. Eugénie may have been attracted by what would have been a difficulty to others, in the quiet country life which she was to lead as a wife, and in the atmosphere of sorrow and bereavement into which she was to enter as a messenger of consolation. The letters of this date show us that Alexandrine, who found that the Abbé Gerbet thought that Eugénie had no vocation for a religious life, exercised much influence over her sister-in-law's decision. Her loss by the marriage was a great one, for she was deprived of her most constant and sympathetic companion : but she seems notwithstanding to have been eager for the engagement. Eugénie was married in the spring of 1838, and some of Mrs. Craven's most interesting pages relate her own voyage from Portugal to be present at the ceremony. It was in the depth of that very severe winter, and after vainly attempting to cross from Southampton to Havre in a sailing vessel, she reached Boulogne from Dover too late for the marriage, if it had not been postponed in consequence of her non-appearance. As it was, she had a day to spare at Boury before the marriage, which was overcast by an accidental fall of Madame de Mun on the way to the chapel, by which she was severely cut and bruised, and the wedding-robe of Eugénie stained with her blood. Eugénie's married life was happy, though she had frequently to suffer from a state of mental depression and inertness which was probably caused by her failing strength : for she, like others of her family, was short-lived, and after a great deal of illness she died at last rather suddenly at Palermo four years after her marriage. Till her death, living usually with M. and Madame de Mun at Lumigny, where the La Ferronays constantly visited her, Eugénie was hardly for any great length of time together separated from Alexandrine, who nevertheless, much as she had done to bring about the marriage, felt the first weeks of her renewed isolation very keenly. She was inexpressibly soft and affectionate by nature, and this, the first great blow which fell upon her after her bereavement, was but the prelude to many others which were gradually to strengthen her by forcing her to have recourse more and more to the only source of true fortitude.

We must pass rapidly over the successive journeys and changes of residence by which the life of Alexandrine was marked during several years which followed the marriage of Eugénie. In the summer of 1838, as we have said, she travelled to Ischl to meet her mother, after having been confirmed at Meaux by the Bishop on

Pentecost Sunday. From Ischl she returned to France by the Hague, in order that she might visit one of her brothers, who was stationed there as Secretary to the Russian Legation. In October we find her again at Boury for the winter and spring. The great event of the early part of 1839 was the birth of Eugénie's first child, which Alexandrine announces to Mrs. Craven in a note in which she speaks of the painful feeling of isolation which crossed her at the time. The third anniversary of her husband's death she passed almost alone at Boury. At the end of the year she went with the La Ferronnays to Italy, and paid her first visit to Rome as a Catholic. February 1840 found her at Naples, a place of which she said that it seemed made to be the theatre of earthly happiness, and which was full of spots connected with the brightest memories of her life. It was her character to be continually living over again the past, and to hang with a clinging fondness over places where she had been happy, but she now had reached a calm resignation which astonished those who loved her best. "My room," she writes to Eugénie, "looks out on the garden of the Palazzo Acton, where I was married, and beyond that I see the Vomero. Ah! how surprised I was to see all this on the morning after my arrival! Well, I love to see everything over again in this way, and I hope it is the goodness of God, the sweetness and the happiness of the angel I have lost, and not any indifference of my own, which makes all these memories so sweet to me. At Santa Maria in Portico" (the church to which she had been in the habit of going to Mass with her husband before her conversion), "where I went yesterday for the sake of its recollections, I thought that doubtless Albert was more pleased to see me there without him and a Catholic, than he had been in old days when I was with him and a Protestant. Then there came the bitter regret that I had not been able to be a Catholic during our short married life! Then, a moment after that, as God does well everything that He does, I thought that all had been for the best." Eugénie replied to her with a letter of praise for her resignation, which Alexandrine laughs at, calling it a bull of canonisation. She showed it to the Abbé Gerbet, who laughed at it also. She tells her sister-in-law that her reason for thinking her so much changed since the early days of her widowhood is to be found chiefly in her own experience of what it is to love a husband, which makes her think it a prodigy of resignation to be able to live as a widow. She has no more, she says, any feelings of selfish sorrow at the sight of the happiness of others: but the chief change in her consists in the love for her religion and its interests, which she can compare to nothing in intensity but to the love she had felt for her husband. She had found peace and even joy, but she had still her defects. Eugénie seems to have told her that she expected to see her become a religious—the first hint of such an idea from others, though it had crossed Alexandrine's own mind as a passing thought before her husband's death, when she was considering what her future might be likely to be. We shall find her by and bye putting the matter to the test of experience.

The Passiontide of this year she spent in Rome, but she returned in the summer to Naples and Sorrento, and passed some time, with Mrs. Craven and the Abbé Gerbet, amid the scenes of her former happiness. Her stay at Rome gave her the opportunity of visiting the monastery of La Querica at Viterbo, and she was present there on Palm Sunday when Father Lacordaire made his profession as a Dominican. She heard him preach for the first time on the following Sunday—it was his famous sermon at St. Louis des Français. In the autumn we find her with the La Ferronays at Lucca and Pisa. At Pisa she had the opportunity of giving a taste of the purest of joys to a good Franciscan lay brother. Five years before, she had been to the monastery of Santa Croce with her husband to see his confessor, Padre Luigi Galligani, who had spoken of the happiness of a young English lady who had just been received into the Church. "She seemed to be in Paradise." Alexandrine had thought that people must be very imaginative to place their happiness so much in invisible things, and had been really astonished when her husband had spoken to her of the blessedness of receiving absolution. A day or two after, on another visit, a good lay brother, Fra Clementino, had brought her some coffee while her husband was engaged with his confessor—coffee, it seems, not quite of the best, which she drank out of gratitude for his charity. He then began in his own simple way to try to convert her, and promised her his Jerusalem rosary if he ever saw her again after she had become a Catholic. She now went to the monastery, and asked for Padre Galligani. A lay brother laden with a wallet replied that he was away from home. Was Fra Clementino there? It was Fra Clementino himself, who recognised her with as much joy, he said, as if he had seen his mother risen from the dead, and who ran and fetched his rosary for her when he heard that she was now a Catholic. They wept together over the memory of Albert, but as she says, "a sweet joy was our chief feeling during the interview, for our adorable religion consoles us for everything, and destroys nothing but sin." Some time after, she tells us, she went to communion in the same chapel in which her husband had communicated on the day of her former visit. "I was more united to him than at the time of my first communion, though he was no longer present. I did not weep as I had done then. The feeling which filled my heart was gratitude to God, who had allowed me to communicate there."

She was now become one to whom others turned for consolation and support under sorrows like her own. At the close of that year an incident happened in Rome which was long remembered there, and of which the memory is probably not yet by any means extinct. The young and holy Princess Borghese—Gwendoline, the daughter of Lord Shrewsbury—died very suddenly, leaving her husband and his family in terrible grief, and calling forth from the population of Rome an irrepressible and universal tribute of sorrowful devotion such as is only paid to those who have enshrined themselves in the hearts of the people by the double title of beneficence and sanctity. The "angel of Rome" was dead—her funeral, as it wound its way to

Sta. Maria Maggiore, was a long triumph, and the people canonised her by anticipation. She had been a friend of Alexandrine's, and the latter was asked by Prince Borghese and his mother to come and spend some time with them in their sorrow. When the spring of 1841 came on, she was rejoined in Rome by the La Ferronnays, and it was arranged that they should return together to France. She withdrew to the Convent of the Trinità di Monte to spend the last week of her stay in Rome in retreat. But she had been there but three days, when she was summoned to what turned out to be the death-bed of her brother, who had been transferred from the Russian legation at the Hague to that at Turin. She started at once, and was in time to find him alive, and to remain by his side during his last few hours. Her mother was at that time travelling towards Italy, and Alexandrine set out from Turin to meet her at Vienna, almost at the same moment that the news reached her of the death of her son. The loss made the mother and daughter unwilling to part from one another, and we find Alexandrine spending a great part of that and the following year (1842) with the Princess Lapoukhyn, either at Florence or at Frankfort, where the winter of 1842-3 was passed.

Her absences from her mother during this time were chiefly caused by the succession of family losses which fell on the La Ferronnays. The death of M. de la Ferronnays, which took place while Alexandrine was at Florence with her mother, was connected in a very remarkable manner with another incident well remembered and even commemorated at Rome—the miraculous conversion of Alphonse Ratisbonne in the Church of Sant' Andrea delle Fratte. The narratives of this remarkable conversion tell us that M. de la Ferronnays had been greatly interested in Ratisbonne the day before his own death, a large part of which he had spent in devotion. The friend and companion of Ratisbonne, M. de Bussière, had been obliged to leave him to himself on account of the preparations for M. de la Ferronnays' funeral, of which he had the charge, but he had knelt down by the coffin and conjured his departed friend, if he was in the presence of God, to beg the grace of the conversion of the Jew. He chanced to meet M. Ratisbonne as he was driving to the church in which the catafalque was being prepared, and left him in it while he made some arrangements in the sacristy. On returning into the church he found him kneeling in the side chapel, which has now become famous in Rome, in such profound recollection that he could hardly rouse him. He had seen the vision now commemorated over the altar, and his first words on turning to M. de Bussière after his conversion were, "*Oh, comme ce monsieur a prié pour moi !*"

M. de la Ferronnays' sudden death was followed after rather more than two months by that of his daughter Eugénie at Palermo. Olga, the next sister, died in the following February at Brussels. This continual succession of the most painful losses contributed, no doubt, mainly to the great change which now came over Alexandrine—a change very different in character from what might have been expected, if her soft and affectionate nature had been left to its own

resources. The last phase of her life begins after the death of Olga, soon after which she went with Madame de la Ferronnays her mother-in-law to Lumigny, where M. de Mun, the father of Eugénie's husband, was on his death-bed. The readers of that exquisite memoir of Madame de Montagu to which we some time ago drew the attention of our readers will remember the attractive sketch there given of M. de Mun in his younger days. He remained the same gay, kind, amiable character to the end, but the later years of his life had been overcast by domestic sorrows, and these had had the happy fruit of turning his heart more in the direction of piety and religious faith. He died peaceably and courageously; and after remaining some weeks with his widow, Alexandrine and Madame de la Ferronnays returned to Boury, now a still more mournful abode than it had ever been before. The father of the family was gone, and Eugénie and Olga, as well as Albert: and Olga alone had been laid beside her brother in the cemetery at Boury. Alexandrine had also lost her brother; Albertine, the youngest of all the La Ferronnays, was the only companion of the two widows. Mrs. Craven gives us a charming letter of her mother's, describing their quiet but incessant occupations: but we must press on with the narrative. Alexandrine had risen much in strength under all her sorrows. She was now, M. de Montalembert said of her, above grief, and was able to console those around her by her own serenity as well as by her words. "One day," writes Mrs. Craven "(it was the day on which Olga had received Extreme Unction), notwithstanding the heavenly peace which had reigned over that touching scene, I was choked with tears on leaving the chamber. Alexandrine saw me: she let me weep for a long time, looking at me, but saying nothing. What an expression her look had!—it was more than courage, more than serenity, it was almost joy. At last she said to me, 'You weep because our Olga is to go to heaven, and now that she is almost out of this world, you would bring her back to it. Tell me, then, what happiness can you assure to her on earth?' The words were simple enough: but her accent in saying them and the impression they made on me engraved them for ever on my memory. And in this way she often said to me things the effect of which it would be impossible to make intelligible to those who had not heard them." Another blow seemed to threaten her soon after her return to Boury—for the Princess Lapoukhyn fell dangerously ill at Korsen, and she was for some days expecting to hear of her mother's death. Her anxiety was terrible. Mrs. Craven had written her a letter in which she was said to have passed through "*tout ce qu'il y a de plus triste.*" "O," she replied, "there is something more sad, much more sad, than deaths which have had a visible blessing on them. What is going on at Korsen? She suffering so much, and without those powerful helps which our faith secures to us!" Father de Ravignan, who had now become her guide, assured her that her mother would not die: and after a short time the news of her recovery arrived.

It may have been under the influence of her gratitude for this

answer to her prayers, that she now began to think of carrying out a project which had long been present in her mind. She had heard from the young convert, Alphonse Ratisbonne, so wonderfully connected with the memory of her father-in-law, the saying that "we must not give to God less than all." The words had sunk into her generous heart, and become a subject of self-questioning and even self-reproach. Might she not be called to a higher state of self-devotion than that in which she was now living, and had she given to God all, or less than all? We have already said that she had now come to be under the direction of Père de Ravignan. The Abbé Gerbet was at a distance: he had led her along her path up to this point with the tenderest gentleness, as well as the greatest judgment: and now, as so often happens in the history of souls, she was to be guided for the remainder of her life by one whom she might have found too severe if she had come across him earlier. Père de Ravignan does not seem to have thought that she was called to the religious life, though the whole bearing of his direction was ever to higher stages of self-abnegation and self-sacrifice. But he allowed her to make a trial, which even if unsuccessful, would detach her more and more from earthly thoughts, and strengthen her for whatever might be her final vocation. She passed some time at the novitiate of the *Filles de Sion* in Paris, and then, by Père de Ravignan's direction, returned once more to the side of Madame de la Ferronays. The idea that she might have been called to religion, which had been such a torment to her, was now gone, and she set herself courageously to work in her old sphere. Mrs. Craven had told her that she was fond of retirement, but that she was naturally averse to and unfit for *seclusion*. Active life among the poor suited her exactly. She had from her childhood received a great gift of love for the poor—the mark of predestined souls—and since she had been a Catholic it had increased in power and intensity.

From Boury she passed to Paris, and there began to make herself the servant of the poor. She gave them, writes her sister-in-law, her thoughts, her time, her money, her health, and at last, her life. This part of her life has left few traces behind it in the shape of letters: for her days of letter-writing were nearly over. "It would not have been her taste any longer to sit, as in old times, hours upon hours before her table, lost in reverie, either painful or pleasant, gathering up with care all images of happiness, of love, of sorrow, with which her past life had been peopled, and unable to avoid the finding herself in them all. When she now wrote to me or to others, it was not for the sake of chatting by letter, or indulging her feelings pleasantly and perhaps somewhat softly. She wrote quickly, shortly, without looking back on the past, without thinking of or speaking of herself: she wrote bravely, courageously, almost gaily, and with a tenderness to those whom she loved always great, and ever increasing. She was very calm and seldom agitated, and still she seemed to have come to feel pressed to act, to complete and finish what she wished to do here below, as if she had felt that time was failing her, and that her journey on earth was approaching its end."

She passed a part of the summer of 1845 with Mrs. Craven at Baden. Her sister-in-law had prepared a 'pleasant well-furnished room for her, but on her arrival she found it too elegant and comfortable, and had everything removed at once that was not simple and poor. She laughed at herself for the repugnance which she now felt for the little refinements and luxuries with which she had formerly loved to be surrounded. It was something more than a mere change of taste: it was the love of poverty and the poor, eager to share the one and resemble the other. She managed to find out a great number of objects of charity during her short stay at Baden: twice a day she carried whatever she could give or procure for them, and the rest of her time was spent in reading religious books. Ordinary literature she eschewed altogether: the single embellishment of life to which she still clung was the music of which she had always been so fond. When a gay scene was before her eyes such as in the earlier days of her widowhood would have recalled sadly the brightest moments of her life, she replied to a question as to its effect upon her, that "she never now thought of those days."

The winter of 1845-6 she spent in Paris with Madame de Mun, who found in her society the greatest possible refreshment. The mere sight of Alexandrine, she said, sent a ray of sunshine into her heart. Alexandrine persuaded her to share her own active employments. The older lady was so much prostrated morally and physically as to find much difficulty in the effort required of her, and she used to complain with a smile on her face at the ease and joy with which her younger companion went through her work. Her tenderness of heart made her shed abundant tears over the miseries which she relieved, but she felt to the full the happiness which is the reward of such labours. Her desire and eagerness to help the poor and afflicted were so great and so genuine, as to make her show great gratitude to them for allowing her to be of use to them.

Paris, where miseries of every kind were to be found as well as the most abundant opportunities for devotion and piety, became now more and more attractive to Alexandrine. Madame de la Ferronnays lived mostly at Boury, and her daughter-in-law began to think of taking an apartment of her own in the Convent of St. Thomas de Villeneuve for the winter of 1846-7, in order not to be separated from the scene of her usual labours. This was opposed by Mrs. Craven, and postponed for that winter, as Madame de Mun was to be again in Paris, and might have Alexandrine again with her, and Madame de la Ferronnays consented to take some rooms in the same house with them. We have a full account of Alexandrine at this time from Mrs. Craven, who was also able to be in Paris. She describes her as having reduced herself to absolute poverty: she had given away all her jewels, everything that could fetch money, even most of her clothes. She spent nearly the whole day in going about among the poor. One day in a distant part of Paris, where she was visiting some Sisters of Charity who knew her well, one of them looked at her from head to foot, and then begged of her earnestly to give her an alms for a poor woman who was in very great need of a pair of shoes. Alexandrine

gave the money at once, and the sister returned in a quarter of an hour with a pair of shoes, which she forced her to put on instead of those she was wearing.

In the evenings Madame de Mun's apartments were open to a few friends, and Alexandrine took her part in the circle, though she was usually at work, and would often take out her little book of favourite extracts when the conversation wandered away from the subjects which now alone interested her. She also went now and then to the houses of a few old friends. The ruling characteristic of her life was now peace and joy: she could say, says Mrs. Craven, as Madame Swetchine said, that life was fair and happy, and ever as it went on, fairer, happier, more engaging. "The melancholy which had been natural to her character in her youth, and which the radiant happiness which for a moment had filled her life had not been able to heal—that melancholy, the mark perhaps of a certain softness of soul, which so many mournings and so many tears might naturally have increased, had been completely subdued and triumphed over by God and the poor. One day, as I saw her going about with such an air of gaiety in her room which she made so bare, we both of us remembered all at once the frightful days of the past when her sorrow had been so sombre, and she said to me, what was striking enough for any one who knew how deep up to the last was her unalterable love, 'Yes, all that is true; they were cruel and terrible days, but now, by the grace of God, I mourn my Albert gaily.'"

We must allow ourselves some further extracts from Mrs. Craven's account of her last interview with Alexandrine. They were at Boury, in the July of 1847, and they had been together to pray in the cemetery. "The sun was setting. I said, 'I love the sunset.' 'I do not,' said Alexandrine: 'since my misfortunes'—(an expression she very seldom used)—'since my misfortunes the sunset has a mournful effect upon me. It brings on the night. I do not love the night, I love the morning and the spring: they are the things which represent to me the reality of eternal life. Night represents to me darkness and sin: the evening makes me think that all things come to an end, and all that is sad: but the morning and the spring remind me that all is to wake up and be born again. That is what I love.'

"We walked on, and as we had just passed the gate she said to me again, 'Try and throw yourself into the thought that all that pleases us so much on earth is absolutely nothing but a shadow, and that the truth of it all is in heaven. After all, is not to love the sweetest thing on earth? Is it not then easy to conceive that to love Love itself must be the perfection of all sweetness? and to love Jesus Christ is nothing but that, when we learn to love Him absolutely as we love on earth. I should never have been consoled if I had not learnt that that sort of love for God exists, and that it lasts for ever.' We sat down on a bench talking still. A little after, she rose to gather a branch of jessamine along the wall. She gave it me, and then stood before me with a little sprig of it in her hand, continuing the conversation. I had said to her, 'You are very happy to love

God like that.' She answered me with words, expression, and attitude which will remain always engraved on my mind: 'O Pauline, how can I help loving God! How can I help being transported when I think of Him! How can I have any merit in it, even the merit of faith, when I think of the miracle which He has wrought in my soul, when I feel that after having loved so much and desired so much the happiness of this world, after having had it and lost it and been in the very depths of despair, I have now my soul so transformed and so full of happiness, that all that I have known and imagined is nothing, absolutely nothing in comparison!'

"Surprised to hear her speak so, I said, 'But if there were placed before you now life such as you dreamt of it, with Albert, and it were promised you for a length of years?' She answered without hesitation, 'I would not take it back.'"

A state of mind such as this was a fitting condition for the sacrifice by which the earthly career of Alexandrine was to end. She returned to Paris in the autumn of 1847, and had now obtained the consent of her director, Père de Ravignan, to her plan of taking a room in the Convent of St. Thomas de Villeneuve, that her time might be entirely free for her labours among the poor. She left it for a few days to make a retreat, during which she seems to have been unusually struck with the meditation on Death. After this, she resumed her ordinary occupations, but with less self-restraint on her privations and exertions. She was severe on herself in everything—clothes, fire, and food. One morning a lady had knelt near her during Mass, and hearing her cough and seeing her so pale and so poorly clad, had offered one of the sisters of the Convent to give her some assistance if she was too poor to procure necessities for herself. At the beginning of 1848 she was seized with fever, and after the Epiphany, was unable to leave her bed. Père de Ravignan had been sent to winter at Rome for the sake of his health, and great anxiety was felt concerning him. It seems certain that Alexandrine made, for his sake, that kind of sacrifice which we have already met with more than once in the course of this story. She offered her life for that of her director. The sacrifice was accepted—she lingered on till the beginning of February, and after her death Père de Ravignan was restored to health.

The accounts of the last moments of Alexandrine are contained in letters from Madame de la Ferronnays, who was present, to Mrs. Craven. She died quietly and happily,—though at one moment she was frightened at the thought that she was about to recover, and at another a sort of delirium came over her, and she thought she had not received the Sacraments of the Church. She dictated two letters a little before her death, one to Mrs. Craven, and the other to her own mother. The last is wonderfully touching. She assures her that she has the hope that they will meet again, but that for that, her mother must give up her will with sincerity to God, to follow the one and most blessed light. She begs her to pray every day to our Blessed Lady, the Mother of mercy, to be her guide. A few more affectionate sentences follow, and then at the end of the letter

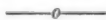
she added in her own hand the three German words, *Liebe süsse Mama!*

It was the dying wish of Alexandrine that her funeral should be like that of one of the poor whom she loved so well. The church of Notre Dame de Déliverance, attached to the convent in which she died—which takes its name from that famous statue of our Blessed Lady before which St. Francis de Sales made his celebrated prayer, when tormented with doubts about his predestination, that at all events he might have the grace to love God with all his heart as long as he lived—was not draped in black when her coffin was conveyed into it for the Mass of requiem, but it was crowded with mourners to whom her singularly beautiful character and her devotion to works of piety and charity had endeared her. But she was not to rest there: long ago she had prepared her grave by the side of her husband at Boury, and there her remains now lie, as well as those of Olga and Madame de la Ferronays herself, who died in the November of that same year 1848. As if to mark the uncertain nature even of the fondest and most legitimate dreams of human hearts, Boury, the sombre but not melancholy scene of so much of the family life of the La Ferronays, soon after passed into other hands: but to the readers of Mrs. Craven's volumes it will, we should think, always have the same kind of interest as the château of La Cayla to the posthumous friends of Eugénie de Guérin. The grave of Alexandrine de la Ferronays:

‘In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace,’

will bring to the minds of any who may visit it after having read the graceful and touching pages in which her sister-in-law has traced her history, what we are glad to believe is no uncommon effect of the wonderful ministries of consolation left behind Him by our Lord in His Church. It is the performance of that divine promise, sufficient of itself to furnish the peculiar and incommunicable badge of the Christian religion—“your sorrow shall be turned into joy”—not drowned, not stifled, not forgotten, but elevated, ennobled, transformed, and beatified, because the glowing rays of heavenly faith have fallen upon the soul's darkness, and because the Spirit of charity has breathed into its weakness life and health and strength and courage and joy.

Scenes in Teneriffe.



I. SANTA CRUZ TO ORATAVÁ.

WHEN you first behold Santa Cruz from the deck of your ship, looking from right to left, you see a red, brown, and yellow coast, barren gray mountains, and ravines. The mountains, being exposed to much wind, present the most curious, harsh, and fantastic outline against the sky. These are called Paso Alto,—a child would guess their volcanic origin; they are wild irregular masses of rock, desolate and savage as can be imagined. Close to the water is a flat, white-washed town, which always looks in a white heat. The only two high buildings are churches. The town bristled with cannon near the sea. The mountains, which are close to the town on the right, and shut it off, were covered with round, bushy, and compact green splotches, that, at that distance and height, might have been taken for cactus, but were in reality good-sized fig-trees and *Euphorbia Canariensis*. Behind the town is a steep rising country, with a good winding road; to the left of it is a regiment of windmills—drawn up in line as if waiting for Don Quixote; and in the distance, still on the left, and extending away from you, are masses of mountain, and hanging over them is a little haze in the sky, which might be a little woolly cloud, sugar-loaf shape, which you are told is the Peak of Teneriffe. The sky, the sea, the atmosphere, is perfect, and far surpassing Madeira. Most exhilarating is the sensation thereof. The island, saving one pass, is covered with small barren hills, some of them conical, some like Primrose Hill, only much bigger, which are, I am told, the small disturbances of volcanoes. Why did the volcanoes spare this pass through the island, and bubble up on each side of it? These are your first impressions as you are rowed to a little quay in a little boat, and a dozen boys take your dozen packages, and a small walk brings you to Richardson's Hotel, *as it was*—a funny, old, broken-down place, with a curious interior, an uncomfortable picturesque remnant of Spanish-Moorish grandeur and style, better to sketch than to sleep and feed in. There was a large patio or courtyard, and a broad carved oak staircase, and tiers of large balconies to correspond, running all round the interior of the house, into which galleries the rooms open. Green creepers covered the

roof and balcony, and hung over, falling into the patio, giving it an ancient and picturesque look like an old ruin.

A naturalised Englishman called, and he was so emaciated that I supposed from his appearance (as the yellow fever was raging) that he was a convalescent, and began to condole with him, and to my horror found out afterwards that it was his normal state. It is a fact that English people born there have that appearance; not so the genuine natives, or even those who pass many years in the island, though their *personnel* may suffer a little from it. It was suggested that as all Santa Cruz could be seen in three or four days, we should do it on our return (when I may describe it), and meantime seek some purer abode, lest a yellow fever-bed or infected luggage should lay us low: so we voted for Laguna or San Christoval de la Laguna—a large town many hundred feet above sea level, and consequently above fever range; and we ordered the hotel carriage for 3 o'clock. We chartered three mules for our larger baggage, meaning to take the smaller ones with us. We were housed at Richardson's at 9 A.M., and left at 3 P.M. the same day.

San Christoval de la Laguna is about seventeen hundred feet above the sea level. It is a fossil town, and as melancholy as a Pompeii not dug up; gloomy streets, mouldy churches, dank weeds and grass, and moss growing on the roofs. The houses are old skeletons of Spanish grandeur, with their beautiful carved oak balconies and verandahs, staircases, marble patios, and old armorial bearings everywhere. If it crumbled to dust nobody would miss it. There are grand exteriors choked with weeds, and inside poverty, filth, and rags. Thirty years ago it was the capital of the Canaries, which is now transferred to Santa Cruz. So still were the streets, that the clatter of our footsteps and voices startled us, and a strange solitary figure, wrapped in his blanket, peered out from some courtyard, in stern surprise at our irreverent laughter, like a Vandyke that had walked out from his frame, and made us feel sad and hushed, as one does sometimes in Venice, in a dreamy mood, when the gondola is gliding down some of those dark rii. Ah! if the defunct Hidalgo could reappear in black velvet and rapier, and behold the base uses to which his exclusive mansion is put, and the decayed remnant of great old Spanish families of *azul sangre*,—had such a one lived here in its *beaux jours*, and were condemned to pass ten years in it now, it would be ample purgatory. All is vanity and vexation of spirit!

The shady dells about Laguna are beautiful, and, I believe, the drives and rides are unequalled. On the road stand the remains of a convent chapel, and, alas! the miserable mark of the presence of

Cain is to be seen *everywhere*—I mean the cross raised to show where he has shed his brother's blood. At a distance Laguna presents a magnificent appearance of towers, spires, churches, and mansions; but when you are near it, you perceive that it is but the skeleton of what was. Mrs. Murray says, "Its *sangre azul* is nearly extinct, its loves lie mouldering in the churchyard; and now poverty, dirt, silence, and desolation replace mirth, wealth, and grandeur." On our return to the hotel we inquired what had been done for us; and we found that, in true Spanish fashion, matters were at the same stand-still as before. They naturally wished to keep us, and so they invented every excuse for detaining us. They all spoke loudly, and at once. "The *public* coach was engaged by a *private* gentleman for several days; there were no horses or mules to be had for some time—(they would almost have told us there was no hotel at Oratava, if they had dared)—the yellow-fever raged everywhere except at Laguna, which was above its range." "Well, then," we said, "under all these circumstances we would *walk*." Now, they never walk themselves, and a woman doing such a thing was to them incredible. They said, "*He* might walk, but what about the Señora and the baggage?" Seeing, finally, that we were determined, and offered good pay, the driver of the vehicle agreed to take us three miles further on to Sausal, and to furnish us with several mules for our baggage; but no *riding* mules, —never thinking that we should accept such a proposition. To their surprise we closed with it at once. They tried a last "dodge," in the shape of charging us the exorbitant price of five dollars or one pound for our atrocious night's lodging and mess of eggs, and we gave it cheerfully. When we went to pack up, we discovered, that though we had been there but fifteen hours, and had never both left the room at the same time without locking our door and taking the key, they had contrived to steal our best bowie knife, but had touched nothing else. It were better to leave gold than a knife in the way of a Spaniard. We would not even stay to dispute about this.

We finally started in the "coach," taking our little friend Mr. Z., and sending our baggage forward by mules. Z. was rather nervous at having to explore an unknown three miles of country as far as Sausal, and coming back alone and unprotected. We started in high spirits at getting away from Laguna. We drove out along La Carreira (the principal street) in high glee, through the melancholy streets, up a rising country, grand and hilly, and over a good road. My husband said that it was a most interesting mountain pass, for reasons which were rather *au dessus de ma portée*; and as I have no doubt of it, I will only describe what I saw.

The chief travellers on this road were muleteers,—picturesque men in blankets and sombreros,—sitting on comfortable-looking and heavily-laden pack-saddles, walking or galloping their mules, singing in that peculiar Moorish roulade, and smoking their little paper cigarillos. The only difference that I could see between *them* and a Spanish gentleman was, that his mule was better bred and went a faster pace, and that he had, in place of the blanket, a black cloak, with, perhaps, a bit of red sash or binding. Pretty peasant women, with a sturdy yet graceful walk, and undulating figures, went by. They wore white flannel mantillas, topped by a sombrero, and carried enormous weights on their heads, and sang and chattered, not at all distressed by their burthens. I noticed a profusion of beans growing at each side of the road, and driving on in this manner we passed Guamasa, La Caridad, Tacaronte, of which I may have to speak hereafter. None of these are large towns, but small settlements. We passed all the scenes of historical interest (which may be mentioned later) in our passage through the island. The Spanish conquerors landed at Santa Cruz, encamped in the plain of Laguna, and gained a bloody victory at Matanza, which signifies ‘slaughter.’ The flight and pursuit is marked by Vitoria, and at Oratava the noble aborigines were obliged to surrender, and terms were made. All these we passed; but I must not digress. Our coach arrived finally at Sausal. Our aneroid marked 1900 feet at the highest part of our drive through the Pass. Here we dismounted, and the coach waited for an hour to see what passengers it might pick up. Our friend Z., who was excited beyond measure (he was three miles further than he had ever been in all his life, and about ten and a half from his own home), was to return in it. I do not say this ill-naturedly, for he was the kindest-hearted and best-natured man possible; but simply that such an incident is peculiarly amusing to those who are always on the move. He had to return alone, save one other passenger.

We were in a very peculiar position after he left—quite by ourselves (without even a servant), at a wayside house of refuge on a mountain road, beyond which precincts no vehicle went at this time, and where it was impossible to remain; nor did we know a soul in the island. Luckily, one of us spoke the language well. Still, we did not exactly know where we were going. We had an indistinct wish to go to Oratava; but where it was, or how far distant at that moment, we knew not; nor, when we got there, if we should find any accommodation, and if not, how we should be able to get back, or whether we should have to pass the night out of doors. The year before, this would not have been the case, as

the old road existed; and next year it will not happen, as the new one will be completed. Besides this, our baggage—some twenty-five packages—was scattered all over the place, some on mule-back, some coming up from Santa Cruz, some from Laguna, and the smaller parcels with us. The muleteers would not know what had become of us; and how were we to rid ourselves of what we had with us? We saw several handsome, proud, lazy-looking fellows, in blankets, sleeping about, outside the cottage, and asked them if for a couple of dollars they would carry these, and walk with us to show us the way. Not a bit of it! They did not want to earn two dollars (8s. 4d.) at such a price! They *have* nothing, and *want* nothing but sleep and independence. How different to Madeira! We might *there* have done a whole excursion for that sum. Our *burroqueros* would have run by our horses' sides the whole day for it! At last, a party of muleteers came by. My husband explained our difficulties, and one good-natured old fellow put our small traps on the top of his pack, and we left orders at the house of refuge with the girl, that any mules passing by, laden with an Englishman's luggage, were to come on to Oratava, and then commenced our walk. And an uncommonly pleasant walk it was. For a little while we had a very good road, and then it became evident that the coach could not have passed further. Hundreds of people were employed in making a new road to Oratava, which, when finished, will be a capital one, and which is as new an affair to Teneriffe as the Underground Railway is to London. The old path—I cannot say "road"—led us a winding zig-zag course up and down and along the cliff—or rather the country descending to the sea—like the Cornice between Marseilles and Spezzia. We had the bluest of seas beneath us, to the right, and soft balmy breezes from it; and above us, on our left, the ascending country. Our road was garnished with grapes, myrtles, and prickly pear. Ever and anon we came to pretty bits of rock, waterfall, and flowers, or our path was crossed by a barranca. This path was only fit for mules; and the continuation of the good road we could not enter upon, on account of the people at work and the incessant blasting. When some accidental turn brought us upon them, they would chat and laugh and ask all about us from the muleteers. We passed quintas and small clusters of houses from time to time. Parties of mules and muleteers overtook and joined us, and many a camel, with its Oriental gravity, till our party augmented to upwards of twenty, and were very sociable. We passed by in a long string, like a caravan, and they enlivened the road with many a song. I particularly admired the pretty little cows and oxen, all tawny, with

splendid eyes. As we neared Oratava, I got a ride on a pack-saddle when I was tired, but my husband kept up a steady five hours' march. At the end of four hours we began to be rather anxious for the town, and were not sorry to arrive at Santa Ursula, a little settlement—the last before reaching the "Happy Valley."

Now a mere turn in the road showed us this tropical valley in all its beauty, and the effect was magical, with its wealth of verdure and foliage, wild flowers, and carolling birds of pretty plumage. A horseshoe-shaped range of mountains shuts out the vale of Oratava from the rest of the world, enclosing it entirely, except where open to the sea and its cool breezes; and we gradually wound down under its eastern range sloping to the beach.

Humboldt says—"The Valley of Tacaronte is the entrance into that charming country of which travellers of every nation have spoken with rapturous enthusiasm. I have found sites under the torrid zone where nature is more majestic, and richer in the display of organic forms; but, after having traversed the banks of the Orinoco, the Cordilleras of Peru, and the most beautiful valley of Mexico, I own that I have never beheld a prospect more varied, more attractive, more harmonious in the distribution of the masses of verdure and of rocks, than the western coast of Teneriffe." This was what I had so longed to see—"the threshold of the tropics,"—this famous Vale of Oratava, of which we had heard so much, as the Eden of Teneriffe. A hard paved road, about a mile and a half long, leads into the town. We could see a confusion of broken precipices, and distant villages on eminences, could hear the church bells, and see pretty peasant girls, in gay garments, skipping about like their flocks of goats and kids. One villa is perched on an eminence about 1200 feet above the Puerto. I never saw a more beautiful expanse of ocean than the Atlantic from here, or larger or more boiling-looking waves. The road was lined on either side with a cottage here and there, and a Calvary—that is, a chapel containing the crucifixion of our Saviour between two thieves, life-size, and a lamp burning. There was a little enclosure of ground, with a Madonna and another lamp. We were now weary, yet it was impossible not to stop and admire the view. We came first upon the *plaza*, with its old monastery and belfry, from which we could see all.

The valley is an ascending country, surrounded by a horseshoe-shaped range of mountains, called Mont Tígayga. The western slope to the sea is called the Cordillera de Ieode del Alto, and the eastern slope Laodera de Agoa, or De Agua Mansa; and the land beneath is about ten miles broad, and shelves upwards from the sea.

The Puerto, or port, is a pretty town, with a coast of iron-bound masses of rock, lashed by a tremendous surge. Puerto is an empty name, for its anchorage is a mere open roadstead facing the town, where, if the wind blows strong from the sea, vessels must slip their cables and run out in time, or be wrecked upon the rocks. Perched on an eminence, about 1200 feet above it, is the romantic Moorish-Spanish little villa, with its cathedral towers, three convents, two churches, its Calvaries, crosses, water-mills, rivulets, and fondas or inns; picturesque quintas with flat-roofed terraces and turrets, and winding stairs covered with vines. The houses are painted various colours—blue, salmon, white, yellow, and green. There are two conical hills towards the west, and—nearer the sea—the last bubbles of the eruption; and near them Upper and Lower Realejo—two very old villages with very old curiosities in them. Every inch of the ground is cultivated, and dotted with cottages and quintas. The rugged cliffs are overhung with tropical plants; vines cluster about the peasants' cottages; cactus plantations take the place of gardens; glimpses of rich dells thick with vegetation; the cornfields are now green—all cool from the masses of foliage shutting out the glare; belts of gorgeous chestnuts bind the barrancas' edge, through which the mountain torrents rush. There are deep ravines and forests. Fruit and flowers abound generally. On a crest of the Tigayga hills is the cave of Bencomo, the last Guanche king. They had once led a peaceful, manly, and chivalrous life,—shepherds, yet savage and warlike as becomes nature's warriors. Perhaps, here—alone in the watches of the night—the presentiment had come strong upon him that the great white bird would soon fulfil the Prophet's word. Here he brooded over the strangely unaccountable misfortunes of his doomed race. We know that by the lurid glare of that same camp-fire, in this his last stronghold, the chief held council with his warriors on the arrival of the enemy, as to their means of defence. Here was made their resolve to conquer or die; and after all that man could do, unaided from above, to avert it—after a long brave struggle—came their final defeat. I can fancy that splendid savage brooding—his men slumbering around, the dark sagacious face lit up by fitful flashes of light, and showing the workings of his proud nature, as he thought that on the morrow he must surrender himself to his inferior, and profane hands would own that land, his birthright, which Nature had made so exquisite. A sigh that I cannot paint, and I turn away again to watch the sun set over the blue sea as we enter the town, and the cone of snow looks like a speck in the sky over the western range of Mont Tigayga, and is unveiled for a moment to show us what the happy valley of Taora can be, when it likes.

The cone looks quite near, and can only be ascended from here, but is really a long journey. Our spirits were very cheery at this scene, and we bet upon the various houses—whether the green, blue, or yellow would prove to be our fonda, or inn. A boy guide met us, and led us through many a winding, paved street, till the trickling of a mountain stream reached our ears, and then, following its course, he brought us to the door of our *Fonda Gobeá*, which, from its outward appearance, charmed me inexpressibly. It is an ancient relic of Spanish-Moorish grandeur—the palace of defunct Marchesa. A large building, of white stone, whitewashed over, built in a square, the interior forming the patio or courtyard; verandahed balconies run all around it inside, in tiers of dark carved wood, and outside are windows, or wooden doors, empanelled, and with old coats of arms above them. These open on to balconies of the same. There is a flat roof, with garden or terrace at the top. The inside balconies form the passage; all the rooms open into the side next the house, the other looks into the court. You ascend by a grand carved wooden staircase, on the first landing of which is a handsome niche, and a large statue of St. Laurence and his gridiron, all in carved wood, and the balconies hung with creepers and flowers. We were very weary and dusty as we entered the patio. The “amo,” or master, made his appearance, and, much to our chagrin, conducted us to a room very much like the one we left at Laguna. I will not say that our spirits fell, for we looked at each other and burst out laughing; it was evident that the Canaries contained no better accommodation: but people who go in for travelling laugh at the discomforts that make others miserable; so, with a glance at an upper skylight a foot square, we agreed that it would be a capital place for work, in the way of reading, writing, and study.

The "Christian Year" on the Doctrine of the Real Presence.

WE have more than once had occasion to allude to a certain verse in the late Mr. Keble's *Christian Year*, in which, according to the obvious meaning of the words as they would be understood by ordinary readers, the doctrine of the Real Presence was formally denied. In a poem on 'Gunpowder Treason,' which is singular among those of which the *Christian Year* is composed in attacking more than one Catholic doctrine, Mr. Keble had written that in "our" (the Anglican) "Communion Feast," our Lord is present "in the heart, not in the hands." In making this statement Mr. Keble did but echo the teaching of the Anglican Establishment (which has laid it down that our Lord is received in communion by *faith* and by the *faithful*), and in particular that of the celebrated Anglican divine with whom his own name was afterwards more especially connected, Richard Hooker. Hooker's doctrine, that the Presence in the Eucharist "is in the worthy receiver, not in the Sacrament," could hardly have been more neatly expressed in verse than in the words of Mr. Keble's poem. When, in after years, Mr. Keble became prominent in the controversies of the time as an advocate of a very different doctrine from that which he had edited in Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, this verse was often remarked upon to him: but he contented himself with an allusion to it in a note to his pamphlet on *Eucharistic Adoration* (see the *Month* for May 1866, p. 454), and, perhaps, relied somewhat on the general notoriety of his maintenance of the more orthodox doctrine. Shortly before his death, however, the verse in question having been quoted in Convocation against his own party, Mr. Keble consented to the publication of a letter in the *Guardian*—drawn up, we believe, by Mr. Liddon—in which the doctrine of Hooker was disclaimed, and he also directed the alteration of the verse in the next edition of the *Christian Year*, with the insertion of an explanatory note on which we must now say a few words.

This note, drawn up by Mr. Keble's brother, states that the author had earnestly wished that his words "in the heart, not in the hands," should be understood as expressing a meaning parallel to that conveyed in such Scriptural expressions as "I will have mercy,

and not sacrifice"—i. e. mercy rather than sacrifice. An illustration from St. Bernard is added, but the gist of the explanation is contained in the reference to the phraseology of Scripture. As we have more than once drawn attention to the apparent inconsistency between the words of the *Christian Year* and the controversial position taken up in later years by its author, we are bound and glad to mention this new explanation, as in a former article we mentioned the note to the pamphlet on *Eucharistic Adoration*. At the same time, we must confess that there is to us some apparent discrepancy between the two explanations. According to the earlier of the two, the words "not in the hands" were said to be meant to deny something, which Mr. Keble then thought himself at liberty to designate as the notion of "a gross carnal Presence." According to the explanation adopted by him shortly before his death, the same words are *not* meant to deny anything at all, but to assert, if we understand Mr. Keble rightly, that the Presence "in the hands" is of no avail without the "Presence in the heart;" and the words now stand, in the last edition of the *Christian Year*, "present in the heart, *as* in the hands," &c. This interpretation certainly excludes the denial of anything, and therefore the denial of that Catholic doctrine which we fear it was in Mr. Keble's mind to deny when he penned the earlier explanation of which we have spoken. His later thoughts, therefore, were better than his earlier thoughts, and we are glad to believe that when he was dying, though he may not have risen to the belief of the whole Catholic doctrine on this momentous subject, at all events he did not feel it necessary to fling a hard word at the definitions of the Church. We can only wish that there had been some one then by who might have suggested to him to restore to his other beautiful volume of Christian poetry the exquisite verses on our Blessed Lady which he had felt himself obliged to suppress out of deference to others.

We attach the more importance to the wish finally expressed by Mr. Keble with regard to the stanza in question, on account of its connection with the rest of the poem. Since we began this notice of it, a critic in the *Pall-Mall Gazette* (Dec. 18) has observed, that the alteration goes against the whole drift of the context. He remarks, and it must be confessed, with reason, that the poem is throughout a gentle, but decided, intimation of the superiority, in the author's mind at the time, of Anglican and Protestant opinions over the Catholic doctrines on certain specified points. Thus, just before the stanza in question, Mr. Keble practically invites his reader to lay aside the doctrine of Purgatory as a "lurid dream." Then he goes on to contrast the doctrines of the respective Communions as to the

Blessed Eucharist. It is in this connection that he says of our Lord that with them,—the Anglicans,—He is “present in the heart, not in the hands”—and we do not see how it can be denied, that the alteration now put forward in the new edition of the *Christian Year* destroys the whole drift of the poem. We are heartily glad that it does so. We feel glad to think, for Mr. Keble's own sake, that he was ready at last, not only to ignore the interpretation of his poem which he had formerly given, but even to make such an alteration of it in a more Catholic direction as to expose himself so justly to the charge of having changed his opinions.

There is no need for us to speculate on the motives which may have induced Mr. Keble to decline so long to see the necessity of this alteration. He felt, we think, about the *Christian Year* what many of his co-religionists feel about their Prayer-book: that it is better not to begin to change when an indefinite number of things might have to be said differently, if the principle of change were once admitted. Mr. Keble was many years before he would alter even the name of a flower in one of his poems, in which he had described the oleanders on the shores of the Sea of Galilee as rhododendrons. It is more important to notice that the slight alteration in the poem on Gunpowder Treason has created a considerable stir among Anglicans, which may be fairly taken as an indication of the dislike which is so widely entertained among them to any approach towards the Catholic doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. Some Protestant societies have struck the *Christian Year* off their list of books: and some such step appears to have been either contemplated or actually taken in the most venerable and influential of all the great Associations in the Establishment,—the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The party with which Mr. Keble himself acted seem to have borne with the book very quietly while it contained what must at all events have seemed to the ordinary reader a direct statement against the Real Presence. Notwithstanding the prevalence of Scriptural idioms in our language, when an Englishman says he has a thing in his heart and not in his hand he is understood to state that what is present in the former is not present in the latter. No one, however, objected to the *Christian Year*, while it seemed to teach what the High-Church party consider to be heresy. Now that the words are altered into an orthodox statement, the opponents of orthodoxy raise an outcry which at all events shows considerable earnestness in defence of what they believe to be true.

We are sorry to see the defenders of Mr. Keble taking a line which must go far to deprive him and themselves of that amount of sympathy which they might otherwise receive from Catholics. As we are

unable to believe—as no Christian community independent of their own has ever believed—in the validity of the orders of the Anglican clergy, we of course think that Mr. Keble spoke an unintended truth when he said that in *their* Communion feast our Blessed Lord is not 'present in the hand.' But setting this aside, of course we are glad to see him, and others, maintaining so central a truth as the doctrine of the Real Presence, though they may be entirely mistaken as to their own possession of true Sacraments. The alteration now made in the poem of the *Christian Year*, and the explanation given of the verse before its alteration at Mr. Keble's dying request, do not force us in any way to qualify our sympathy with the writer who had the courage at the last to do, for the sake of Christian truth, what was so certain to be unpopular among his fellow-countrymen. But his defenders in the public press are eager to free him from the imputation of Romanising. "There is not a word," writes Dr. Pusey to the *Times* (Dec. 13), "about Transubstantiation: *whatever that word Transubstantiation may mean.*" Are we to understand Dr. Pusey, in this apparent *aside* to the public, as preparing to withdraw from certain very singular and very positive statements with which he has favoured the world about "that word Transubstantiation?" He has had no doubt at all about it: *he* has told us what the Schoolmen meant by it, and what the Council of Trent meant by it, and in a work which we trust he will some day come to speak of quite as disparagingly as Mr. Keble of the *Christian Year*, with much more reason, he has announced the strange news that the question between Anglicans and Catholics is one of words, and that the Council of Trent means by Transubstantiation much what he believes to be the doctrine of the Fathers. The Tridentine meaning of 'that word Transubstantiation,' according to Dr. Pusey's latest utterances on the subject, quite admits of a satisfactory explanation. But if so, why all this zeal to clear his friend from the imputation of holding it? Is not this rather unlike the courage shown by Mr. Keble in altering his poem? There is, moreover, a further grave objection to the very adroit paragraph with which Dr. Pusey's letter concludes, which we shall state in the words of a clear-sighted straightforward outsider, who comments on the matter in the *Spectator* of Dec. 15: "Dr. Pusey adds, that the 'objective Presence' in which Mr. Keble believed did not necessarily involve transubstantiation. Of course not: both the bread and our Lord's Body might be present 'in the hands' without any transmutation of the one into the other. But we do not see what is gained by accepting all the difficulties of transubstantiation, and ignoring the *word*." That is, a plain honest reasoner—who is not fettered by having written an ingenious book

on the subject and by having to defend a preposterous interpretation of one of the Thirty-nine Articles relating to it—can see at once that the doctrine of the Real Presence implies either Transubstantiation or Consubstantiation, and that the one has at least as great difficulties as the other. Mr. Keble's assertion, as it now stands, certainly leaves either of these alternatives open to him, but no more: and what ought to have been stated to the readers of the *Times* is, that it is not certain from his words whether he meant to explain the Real Presence by Transubstantiation or by Consubstantiation. But then Dr. Pusey was going to say, at the end of his letter, something about a "protest against a popular Roman system"—though he has himself maintained that, according to what he supposes to be the present meaning of Transubstantiation—and it is that which his readers have before their minds—the Anglican Establishment does not condemn it. Surely this is clever rather than generous and straightforward. We shall take the liberty of thinking that Mr. Keble, if he had believed what Dr. Pusey has asserted about the doctrine in question, would not have spoilt his statement about the Real Presence by what looks so much like an appeal to popular prejudice, any more than he would have inserted into a defence of the practice of Confession an insinuation that certain vices have crept into our public schools on account of the increased intercourse of Englishmen with foreigners.*

* We need, of course, hardly add, that although, when Anglican writers, assuming the validity of their orders, argue, as Dr. Pusey has lately been arguing, in defence of the power of absolution, as confided by our Lord to the Priests of His Church, they are in reality defending Catholic doctrine, yet they often make statements which Catholics cannot accept and may sometimes even have to repudiate. We are not going to criticise further Dr. Pusey's recent letters, but we must hope that they may not be taken as stating adequately or correctly the case of the Catholic priesthood. His strange assertions about the violation of the seal of confession in the case of treason may be named as examples of what we mean.

English Sympathy with Italy.

It would be absurd to question the fact that the sympathies of Englishmen are perhaps more largely enlisted in favour of the new kingdom of Italy than of any other cause or institution out of their own country. It seems certain, that at the time of the invasions of Sicily, Naples, and the Pontifical States by the Piedmontese, under the leadership of Garibaldi and Cialdini,—invasions utterly indefensible in morality, and in the former case solemnly disavowed by Count Cavour in the face of Europe at the very time that he was its main author and support,—not only did English feeling run entirely on the side of the aggressors, but the English Government and the English fleet lent the most important assistance (in the case of both the Sicilies) to an enterprise against the very existence of a monarchy with which the crown of England was at the time on terms of professed friendship. Were the American Government to protect by force the landing of a Fenian army in Ireland, at the very time that it was proposing friendship and tendering advice to England, it would perhaps hardly do more than what was done at Marsala and Messina in 1860. That this should have been done is a proof of the depth of feeling in this country in favour of the Italian revolution. The same may be said of the extraordinary enthusiasm created in England by the visit of Garibaldi, and the popularity which still hangs about his name. The causes of this feeling for Italy are not far to seek, and in many cases they are not such as can fairly be found fault with. Italy had long been oppressed and misgoverned, at least according to our ideas of the facts and our notions of government: some of her fairest provinces were in chains to an alien power: her aspirations after national unity could not but command sympathy. Many of her princes seemed weak and selfish, and to be reigning over unwilling subjects by the support of foreign bayonets. The air was full of tales of Austrian severities against patriots, and of the horrors of Neapolitan prisons. Italian exiles, moreover, worked with extreme skill the mine of English sympathy and Protestant credulity. Many of them found their way into society, some allied themselves profitably with English families, others exercised a powerful influence in the press, helped by the absurdly one-sided statements of English correspondents abroad. Behind all these influences and motives of sympathy, good, bad, and indifferent, lay the secret pleasure felt by Englishmen in the belief that the most Papistical country in the world was the most disordered, and the thought that the revolution in Italy might bring about trouble to the Roman Pontiff.

It is now more than six years since the accomplishment of the Italian revolution; though Venetia has only within the last few

months been joined to the national unity. No men have ever been more favoured by external circumstances in the attainment of their object, than those who have during this period had the management of affairs in the new kingdom. Everything has been done for them: the two most powerful military nations in the world, France and Prussia, have dealt with their enemies for them, while the Piedmontese themselves have no greater victories to show than the disgraceful triumphs of Castel Fidardo and Ancona, except those achieved over the Neapolitan armies, most of whose generals had already been bought by Cavour. They have had most obsequious Parliaments to vote them whatever sums of money they required, and no opposition has been made to the sweeping measures of confiscation with which they have still further replenished the treasury—or professed to do so. They have been allowed to govern provinces which were supposed to have joined the Piedmontese kingdom with enthusiasm, with as much rigour and arbitrariness of rule as if they were inhabited by conquered rebels: and Europe has looked on in silence while they have gagged the press, imposed martial law on a great part of the new kingdom, shot down peasants by scores without mercy, and filled prison after prison with captives against whom no charge is made. Our press was loud against the domestic despotism of Ferdinand the Second: but we have shut our eyes against what is in fact the foreign domination of Victor Emmanuel over territories to which he has no right except that of a robber, unless it be true that the inhabitants desire his rule. We can cry out loudly enough against the cruelties practised, in the frenzy of excited fear, against the negroes in Jamaica: and yet when Italians put in exercise on Italians measures of barbarous oppression which have but few parallels in history except in the Vendean excesses of the French Revolutionists, our press is deliberately silent, and we excuse what cannot be altogether hidden from the world by an indulgent consideration of the necessities of the case and of the iniquities of Bourbonism.

Surely it is time for Englishmen to ask on what it is that their sympathy and their confidence have been lavished? Is it, in reality, the Italian nation that has triumphed? or is this like so many other revolutions in history, the victory of intrigues, fraud, and violence over weak governments and helpless masses, brought about by the most nefarious means, and only maintained by the extremest and most tyrannical rigour? Are the "twenty-five millions of Italians" of whom the King lately spoke to the Parliament at Florence, more free, more happy, more contented, better, richer, wiser, and more united than they were before 1860—or has the country been oppressed, drained, impoverished, and tyrannised over to a degree unknown to the rule of Austrians and Bourbons, under the pretence of establishing the fair but delusive imaginations called by the names of liberty and unity?

We confess we should be glad to know that the majority of Englishmen are prepared to entertain this question, and to receive evidence on the points which it involves. The public press, which

so faithfully reflects the national prejudices, is, as we have said, ominously silent: yet its Italian and Sicilian correspondents could, no doubt, tell a great deal, if they did not feel that their revelations would be received with indignation. And yet surely Englishmen ought to be willing to listen to their favourite evidence—that of facts, and of facts which they can themselves appreciate. It would be idle to suppose that they can understand the misery of a Catholic population at the suppression of religious houses: some three centuries ago England had experience of that, but she is now past feeling on such matters. Nor again, can we suppose that the banishment or imprisonment of bishops and a system of petty vexations on the part of the Government towards the clergy can weigh for much as elements of distress with our own countrymen. They would resent injustice to anyone speedily enough, and therefore injustice to their clergy; but the sense of wrong done to respectable gentlemen would be their keenest pang, if all the Anglican bishops were transported to-morrow. But Englishmen may surely be expected to sympathise with populations ground down by an unparalleled weight of taxation; with provinces, whose commerce has been destroyed, and whose exchequers have been plundered by the peculations of so-called patriots; with countries into which that cruel weapon of modern despotisms, the conscription, has been introduced for the first time, against the will of the inhabitants, and in which the *sisters* of refractory conscripts are carried off by the soldiers as a punishment on their families. They may be expected to estimate rightly the character of a government which subsidises the press and bribes members of parliament in one part of the country, while it extinguishes the press by prosecutions and seizures, and carries its elections by the intimidation of a few voters and the utter abstention of the majority in another. They may be supposed to feel strongly when they hear of hundreds of persons arrested and imprisoned on mere suspicion, kept for months upon months not only without trial, but without a charge being made against them, or, if condemned by packed juries, subjected, for simply political offences (in a country where the legitimate sovereign is in exile), to all the hardships inflicted in southern Europe upon the worst criminals. If facts like these can be substantiated against the present system of government in Italy, surely that system ought no longer to receive the moral support of England.

A pamphlet now lies before us, printed in the course of the last year at Paris, which has every claim on the consideration of those who may wish to know the real state of things in Italy under the government of Victor Emmanuel. It deals particularly with the kingdom of the Two Sicilies,* which is, of course, the part of the new State which has suffered most under the new Government, if we except, as far as the conscription goes, the provinces detached from the Pontifical territory, in which, as in Sicily, that terrible evil was

* *Le Royaume des Deux Siciles. Mémoire par Charles Garnier. Paris, 1866.*

before unknown. The pamphlet is certainly not the work of a partisan, if we may judge of an author from the tone of his pages. There is no declamation, no violent language, and no scope is given to the imagination. We have no doubt that M. Garnier would gladly see Francis the Second restored to his throne: but his point is to prove that nineteen twentieths of the inhabitants of the Two Sicilies would rejoice at it as much and even more than himself, and the evidence of this fact is stated in the calmest and most methodical manner. The pamphlet is as unimpassioned as a "blue book;" but "blue books" can often tell terrible tales by their statistics and their quotations, and it is in this manner that M. Garnier's pamphlet tells a terrible tale also. We cannot imagine any one reading it, and not being convinced that the whole of Southern Italy and Sicily is simply held by force for the Piedmontese crown, and that the invaders have been obliged to trample under foot every vestige of liberty and to violate the commonest laws of humanity in order to establish and to maintain their rule. A year after the "annexation," Massimo d'Azeglio expressed in his letter to Matteucci the conclusion which every fair-minded reader will form from the accumulated evidence in this pamphlet: that the Neapolitans ought to be left to decide for themselves, whether they wish to belong to the new kingdom, or not. "On that side of the Tronto," he said, "you require sixty battalions, and even these are said to be insufficient. If any Italians were to wish to bring the Germans into Italy, or keep them there, the rest of their fellow-countrymen might fairly make war on them, if they did not wish for the Germans. But we have no right to shoot Italians, who remain Italians and yet do not wish to unite themselves with us."

M. Garnier's pamphlet is too closely packed with documents and statistics to admit of easy abbreviation, and its facts are so abundant as to embarrass any attempt at selection. It is, moreover, short enough to be easily read through by any one who takes an interest in the subject.* We shall confine ourselves in our present remarks to a single point of the many which it raises, and that by no means the most sensational. The horrors of the laws enacted to meet the case of what is called "brigandage," and the manner in which the liberty of the press and the liberty of the person are understood under the Piedmontese would furnish us with far more startling details than the few facts that M. Garnier has gleaned concerning the expenditure of public money in the new kingdom: but we must, for the moment, content ourselves with these. At all events they ought to have some weight in a country like our own. We shall pass over the interesting account with which the pamphlet begins of the commercial and financial prosperity of the Two Sicilies under the late king Ferdinand. No monarch of our time has ever been so much abused: but he at least understood his own subjects, and in all material improvements he took the lead among the sovereigns of Italy. He was profuse

* It contains less than 200 pages, of which about fifty are filled with documentary proofs and illustrations.

in his expenditure on public works—the *seventh* part of his budget was devoted to this department. He made the first railway in Italy, the first suspension-bridges, the first electric telegraph, the first “lenticular” lighthouse: the first steamboat launched from an Italian yard was his. He placed lighthouses all round his coasts: the expense which he incurred in making roads and bridges, cleansing and dredging out ports—notably that of Brindisi—providing anchorage for ships, and introducing and perfecting manufactures, were immense.* What has been done in this way since the expulsion of his son is but the carrying out of works begun by him: but the tendency since his time has been to ruin the commerce and manufactures of Naples, which were so far in advance of those of Piedmont. The colleges, schools, and hospitals which he founded and supported were numberless. The Piedmontese have distinguished themselves by nothing but suppression and destruction. Here is a description of the conduct of these invaders, who came, according to their own profession, to cement the union so ardently desired by the Neapolitan population with themselves:

“The Government decreed the closing of the arsenals and dockyards. The fleet was taken to Genoa: the dockyard at Castellamare suppressed, and all employed in it dismissed. The arsenals on land, so rich in military stores, were pillaged shamelessly and recklessly: 250,000 muskets and all the bronze cannon in the arsenals and forts were sent to Piedmont. After the fall of Gaeta, pillage and destruction knew no longer any bounds at all. The palaces of Naples, of Capo di Monte, of Portici, of Caserta, of La Favorita, so rich in magnificent works of art, became the spoil of Turin and of the succession of plunderers, who came to Naples, one very soon after the other, to exercise the functions of proconsul. These men were to be seen sporting themselves on the banks of the Dora in the same luxurious carriages which once belonged to the Bourbons of Naples. What remained after their pillage of the royal plate was sold by auction: the kitchen-ranges were taken away and sent to Turin.”

We seem to be reading an account of a set of savages who by some chance have got into a well-furnished house. Surely King Victor Emmanuel must have had some means of getting his dinners cooked without pillaging his cousin's residence at Naples?†

M. Garnier (pp. 15, 16) quotes the speech of a large manufacturer

* M. Garnier gives a curious quotation from an article by *Count Cavour* in the *Revue Nouvelle* in 1846. “Thanks to heaven,” says the Piedmontese statesman, “here we are in the kingdom of Naples, where we have some railways finished, while in Piedmont they have not been begun: other railways are being made, others are projected, skilfully designed, and ready to be carried out. Naples is the first state of Italy which has set railways to work.” Count Cavour goes on to lament over the revolutionary passions of the time, which prevent governments from executing great projects. “Les grands travaux publics ne pourront s'exécuter en Italie, tant que les vrais amis de leur patrie ne se seront pas groupés autour des trônes qui ont de profondes racines dans le sol italien.”

† Similar meanness was displayed in many other places by the adventurers, who occupied prominent positions under the revolutionary régime. No one seems to have had his head more completely turned than Farini—a man whose book Mr. Gladstone could never by any possibility have thought worthy of translation, if he had known his true character. Farini i

(Polsinelli) in the Parliament at Turin, after the annexation, describing the flourishing state of manufactures of every sort under the Bourbons, and their destruction under the new Government. It was the same with the finances. Ferdinand II. left the treasury full, and the credit of the Neapolitan funds far higher than that of the Piedmontese. Count Cavour could not bear this, and, when the kingdom of Naples came under his government, he took measures to lower its credit, which would have possibly made him liable to utter loss of character if he had used them in the case of the interests of any commercial property intrusted to his charge. He annulled the sale of a large quantity of Neapolitan *rentes* to the house of Rothschild, which had been agreed on by Garibaldi's minister, Coppoli, at the high rate of 90, on the ground that Rothschild was a Bourbonian. Then he sold to the same house 650,000 ducats at the lower rate of 74, to which he had reduced the funds by a previous transaction carried out with some friends of his own. Then he made the Finance Minister propose a loan for public works on impossible conditions, and by this means the Neapolitan funds were at length nearly reduced to a level with those of Piedmont in the market, and so the unification of the debts of the two countries became less difficult.

The present hopeless state of the Italian finances is too well known to need comment here. It must be remembered at the same time that Italy is now one of the most highly-taxed nations in the world, and that an immense amount of property has been sold or seized by the Government to fill up the still gaping deficit. But it is not generally understood that an indefinitely large share of the embarrassments of Italy are to be laid to the charge, not of simple mismanagement or profuse expenditure, but of wholesale and shameless dishonesty on the part of officials, and of enormous sums pocketed by the chiefs of the revolution. Speculation seems to be the order of the day, and to have passed into a principle which no one ventures to question. Certain practices are resorted to by the Ministers of Finance which would certainly make our House of Commons stare. M. Sella, in his statement in December 1865, placed on the credit side a sum of more than 249,000,000, as *fonds de caisse*, having avowed that shortly before the Treasury only possessed 75,000,000, and that 59,000,000 of Treasury notes were in circulation. There is

was appointed in 1859 dictator of the duchies of Parma and Modena. He took up his quarters in the palace at the latter place: he made his wife and daughter wear the gowns of the exiled Princess, and his servants the liveries of the Duke. He took for his own use all the plate, the table-linen, and even the shirts which the latter had left behind him, and gave himself, notwithstanding the bitter satire which his proceedings excited, all the airs of a sovereign. His table was loaded with the most extravagant luxuries, and all the time he talked loudly about his desire to die in indigence. This poor man went mad at last, and the details of his degradation are far too revolting to be mentioned here. In his madness he was continually haunted by the idea that he saw Colonel Anviti, the faithful servant of the Duchess of Parma, whom he had handed over to a mob of ruffians to be barbarously murdered.

also a wonderful head called *résidus passifs*,—which means something on the wrong side, we know not what—it amounts to a milliard plus 45,000,000. In 1865 M. Sella told the Chambers that although he was bound to give them an account of the public expenditure of 1864, they had only just received that of 1859, and that he was not yet able to give them that of 1860. The ministers open “credits” on their own account, which the Treasury—the *Cour des Comptes*—is obliged to register “under reserve.” The number of illegal drafts on the Treasury is endless. The *Popolo d' Italia* of Jan. 26, 1865, states that an official document of the *Cour des Comptes* proved that the Minghetti Ministry had issued 28,000 illegal and 8,000 irregular drafts. But out of 927,663 that were presented to it in 1864, the *Cour des Comptes* found 79,985 open to grave censure. The money seems to have been spent in great measure in the bribery of deputies and the subsidising of newspapers. Count Cavour, when a French gentleman expressed some alarm to him at the hostile attitude of a portion of the Chambers, simply opened a drawer full of gold and began to move it with his hand. He then showed his friend a bundle of letters from members of the Opposition, begging for money! The annexations were brought about by the same wholesale expenditure, which was also used to produce the appearance of popular welcome to Victor Emmanuel as he went about. The King is said to have complained to Count Cavour that wherever he went he always found the same faces in the crowd assembled to cheer him. M. Bianchi, the biographer of Cavour, says that his contemporaries “have no right to know the entire story of the means employed to bring about the marvellous transformation of Italy.” One deputy has insinuated that it was all very well to bring about Italian unity by profuse bribery, but that the system degenerated into abuse when the same means were required to maintain the state of things which it had produced. Men whose names have been honoured in this country have been branded by the “unitarian” press itself as large gainers by the revolution. The *Popolo d' Italia* of April 12, 1864, gives some details as to the payment of eminent patriots:

“The ex-minister Conforti had, at one time and another, the sum of 72,000 ducats. The ex-minister Scialoja had 65,000 ducats. The father of Scialoja, as indemnity for the post which he lost in 1848, had 18,000 ducats. MM. Alexandre Dumas” (what had he done for Italy?), “C. de Cesare, and G. Ferrigul received 400,000 ducats. MM. G. Massari, Ciccione, and the Marquis G. Carracciolo di Bella, for certain ‘agronomic studies,’ received, during the time of the elections, 50,000 ducats. The Lieutenant-Governor Farini, besides his salary, received 11,000 ducats a-month, and, besides, 200,000 francs for travelling expenses.”

Travelling must be rather expensive in Italy!—but then Farini was a poor man, and always wished to remain poor. The list of robberies of public funds which have been committed with impunity, some of very large sums, fills a page and a half of M. Garnier's pamphlet. Our readers may remember the immense sums which were found at Palermo and Naples when Garibaldi entered those

cities. No account has ever been given, or ever can be given, of the manner in which this treasure vanished. All that is known of the kind as to that period is the decree of Garibaldi seizing the eleven millions of ducats which constituted the private fortune of the different members of the royal family. This was allotted by a decree, signed by Victor Emmanuel, to the political "martyrs" of Naples.

It is not, of course, easy, especially at a distance, to discover the details of a wholesale system of speculation and corruption. Nor do we suppose that any system of government can be altogether free from abuses of this kind. The Italian Revolution seems to have brought up to the surface a good many men properly belonging to the lowest moral strata of society, and when persons of this class get into power, it can hardly be a matter of wonder that they should look first of all to their own interests. Occasional phenomena of the kind on which we have been dwelling would hardly influence our judgment of the government of a new country. But it would surely appear that this corruption, spoliation, speculation, and bribery has been up to a very late period an indispensable element in the machinery by which Italy has been governed. If this is so, it surely throws great light on whatever appearance of union and satisfaction can be alleged as evidence of the success of the Revolution: it has a singular significance by the side of other equally demonstrated facts, such as the discontent of Southern Italy, and the measures used to repress it; and it shows us clearly what sort of men those are to whose character and integrity the Christian world is asked to be content to see committed, not only the fortunes of their own magnificent country, but those of the Holy See and of the Church itself.

Our Library Table.

1. Life of Dr. Whately.
2. M. DE MONTALEMBERT's Monks of the West.
3. The Benedictine Monasteries of Italy.
4. Three Phases of Christian Love.
5. CHURTON and JONES's Edition of the New Testament.
6. Father FABER's Notes.
7. Lady HERBERT's Impressions of Spain.

1. THOSE who have read Dr. Newman's *Apologia*—and we should hope that there are few educated English Catholics who have not read it—will remember his acknowledgment of the debt of gratitude that he considered himself to owe to Dr. Whately for the advantages that he derived from intercourse with him at Oxford and the delicacy with which he alludes to the subsequent divergence of their paths, and to the hostility which his former friend and instructor ever afterwards displayed towards him. Several years after their separation, and before Dr. Whately had utterly rejected the friendship of one whose respect and gratitude could no longer be accompanied with that thoroughgoing admiration which he required from his disciples, Dr. Newman wrote to him: "Much as I owe to Oriel in the way of mental improvement, to none, as I think, do I owe so much as to yourself. I know who it was that first gave me heart to look about me after my election, and taught me to think correctly, and—strange office for an instructor—to rely on myself." Making due allowance for the tendency of a most affectionate heart to overrate both the value of services rendered to him, and the character of those who rendered them, we must still feel that one to whom Dr. Newman attributes such a share in the development of his own mind could have been no ordinary man, and even on the score of this service alone is entitled to some attention.

The two large volumes of his *Life and Correspondence*,* lately published by his daughter, do not add much to our previous knowledge. She introduces her work with the obvious remark, that she is not the best person to undertake it, but suggests that, by making it consist chiefly of his own letters, and by supplementing her own recollections of him with those of some of his acquaintances, she removes the disadvantage under which the portraiture of such a man by his own daughter would otherwise labour. There is, however, another element of untrustworthiness, to which she does not allude,

* *Life and Correspondence of Richard Whately, D.D., late Archbishop of Dublin.* By E. Jane Whately. 2 vols. London, 1866.

in her own more thorough identification with the proselytising school of Irish Protestants. We are afraid, indeed, that it is only too evident that her father, under the irritation which his quarrel with the Irish Education Board produced in his mind, threw himself in the latter years of his life much more into the hands of this party than before. He is represented as contributing to the funds of the "Irish Society" and of the "Irish Church Mission Society," licensing the "Mission Church in Townsend-street," and sanctioning the efforts of his son-in-law, Mr. Wale, in several of the other "Nests" in Dublin, of which we gave a description in our last Number; and he was himself the founder of the "Society for Protecting the Rights of Conscience in Ireland," *i. e.* for giving temporal relief to converts to Protestantism. But the rather ambiguously worded account in this *Life* of the investigation by him in 1857 of charges against the agents of the "Irish Church Mission Society," and of his action in consequence, is made to present so very different an appearance from the facts as stated by Mr. Webster, and published by him and three other Protestant rectors, with corroborating documents, that we are rather inclined to hope that a *Life* by another pen might have conveyed a different impression of the degree in which he was prepared to approve of proselytising *per fas aut nefas*. Of his dislike to the Catholic religion itself, and indeed of all dogmatism except that of his own intensely active and intensely intolerant intellect, there is unhappily no doubt.

Richard Whately, the fourth son and ninth child of the Rev. Dr. Whately, was born in Cavendish-square in 1787. One of his earliest recollections of his childhood was of being weighed against a *turkey-cock*; a curious prognostication of the incessant pugnacity and unrivalled self-assertion that marked his after career. He was remarkable as a child for habits of solitary self-communing, and of steadily thinking out problems for himself, and also for great powers of mental calculation. When six years old, he gave correctly, working the sum only in his head, the number of minutes that an old gentleman had lived. The two former habits grew with his growth, and formed the character of his mind. For arithmetical and mathematical power he was not afterwards distinguished. He found at Oriel College, which he entered when he was eighteen, a sympathising and able instructor in Dr. Coplestone, afterwards Protestant Bishop of Llandaff. He gained a Third class in Classics and Second in Mathematics in 1808, and the English Essay prize in 1810, and was elected to an Oriel fellowship in 1811, which placed him in relations of intimacy with Arnold, Pusey, and Keble, and afterwards with Dr. Newman.

The ten years that he held his fellowship and employed himself in tuition at Oxford were probably the most useful and the happiest of his life. Of the different eminent qualities claimed by himself and by his friends for him, that of being a first-rate cultivator of the intellects of young men would probably be that which would be most readily acknowledged by others. He taught them to think, and revealed to them their own powers of thought. After a time,

when those whom he had taught to think found that their first principles were different from his, and still more, when their conscience obliged them to act differently from him, his interest in them speedily cooled down, or passed into irritation and dislike. Of all his friends, we are told, the only one with whom, although differing from him in opinion, he yet maintained any intimacy, was Dr. Arnold, and with him he of course sympathised in matters of most importance. His most lasting friends were Dr. Hampden, Dr. Hinds, Blanco White, and Mr. Senior, the Professor of Political Economy, who was the first, or one of the first, of his pupils. Mr. Senior was introduced to him when he had been rejected in his examination for honours, chiefly for ignorance of the Catechism, in spite of his repartee to the examiner, who observed that a boy of ten years old would know his Catechism better, and was told, "So did I when I was a boy of ten years old." He afterwards gained a first class.

In 1821 Dr. Whately married a Miss Pope, whose nephews and nieces, we believe, became Catholics not long ago. The next year he obtained the rectory of Halesworth in Suffolk, which he held till he was made archbishop, although after a short time he was permanently non-resident from the not uncommon reason of the place not suiting his wife. While there he achieved what he considered the creditable feat of inducing the guardians of the poor to refuse all out-door relief. He made it a boast to the end of his life that he had never given a penny to a beggar; and he recommended the practice of cutting off all the hair of any destitute woman who applied to the parish for assistance. In one of his continental tours, a wretched-looking and emaciated pauper, who mistook him for a real bishop, knelt down in the mud before him, and we are told that he "looked at the man askance and with curious eye, as if he were some remarkable natural phenomenon, and then abruptly turned away." He was a vigorous supporter of the new Poor-law in England, and an energetic opponent of the introduction of a Poor-law into Ireland, predicting continually that the estates of the landlords would not be worth two years' purchase afterwards, and that the country would be lost to the crown in consequence. Yet he was in his own way extremely charitable, and at times munificent, and was neither extravagant nor parsimonious. In 1822 he was also Bampton Lecturer, and published the course of sermons, which was on one of his favourite subjects, "Party spirit in Religion." In 1825 he became Principal of St. Alban's Hall, which, with the assistance of Dr. Newman as Vice-principal, he converted from a place of refuge for men either too old and illiterate or too disorderly for the colleges, into a house of good scholars and diligent students. A few only of the former inmates were allowed to remain, and they were distinguished by the title of "Albani patres." During all his residence at Oxford he continued to be remarkable for independent opinions, incessant intellectual activity within a certain limited range of thought, impatience of all conclusions opposed to his own, and defiance to much of the ordinary system of etiquette. From his white coat, white hat, and large

white dog, and the apparent roughness and shagginess of his own manners, he received the name of the "White Bear." He was fond of animals, a keen observer of their habits, and a proficient in swimming, rowing, and other athletic exercises. His reading was always very limited; and he often in consequence propounded, in conversation and in print, as his own peculiar discoveries, theories with which the reading world was already familiar, and, on the other hand, was often ignorant of almost all the objections to his opinions, except such as had occurred to his own mind. His favourite authors were Aristotle and Thucydides, Shakespeare and Crabbe. Most poetry was distasteful to him, and for works of art of any kind he had no taste, except for such as were historical and realistic. He could visit the noblest churches and pass through the most magnificent scenery without pleasure or interest. He speaks of Milan Cathedral as simply a huge idolatrous temple that disgusted him; in the city itself he stopped only by compulsion, and Como he found too dull to stop at it at all; and he felt relieved at getting out of the valleys and passes of Switzerland into flat country. He advocated mesmerism, phrenology, homœopathy, malthusianism, the abolition of tests, the repeal of the law forbidding marriage with a wife's sister, and Dr. Colenso's notion about the lawfulness of polygamy in converted heathens. He detested the *Tracts for the Times*, was furious at the censure passed on his friend Dr. Hampden, but approved of that passed on Mr. Ward.

In his treatise on *Logic*, which he composed while at Oxford in conjunction with Dr. Coplestone, and which is the best known of his many writings, he first raised suspicions of his orthodoxy by explaining the Three Divine Persons to mean only three manifestations of God to us. His theological system seems to have been based on three first principles, which he repeats again and again, as if quite decisive in controversy, and the non-acceptance of which by others he finds it hard to understand. These were: that nothing is revealed to be believed that we are incapable of comprehending, because, as he says, "If God intended me to believe a doctrine, He would have given me faculties for understanding it;" that Holy Scripture, and only Holy Scripture, contains a revelation from God; and that it is not from particular texts, some of which by themselves are evidently favourable to Popery and others to Unitarianism, but from the general teaching of Holy Scripture, that doctrine is to be extracted. We are surprised that his friends, who speak of it as universally acknowledged that he was always right in controversy in his *major premiss*, and erred, when he erred, from want of a sufficiently wide induction to substantiate his *minor*, do not make the very important exception of such major premisses as these utterly proofless first principles to which he adhered with constant tenacity. With regard to political, economical, and literary questions, the remark is probably true. By the help of these first principles and his own logical powers, he arrived at such conclusions as that, "I believe in the Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints," means, "I recognise a comprehensive community, i. e. the

aggregate of all Christians, Anglicans, Roman Catholics, Anabaptists, Unitarians, &c. who admit Holy Scripture to be the word of God, and receive Christ as manifesting Him to us;" that the Lord's Supper is "a sign of a sign;" that the study of Scripture *must* overthrow a Catholic's faith in his Church; and that "the more enlightened of the Roman Catholic priests probably suspect—indeed, if they are candid, *must* suspect—that they are often wrong, and therefore are likely to be often defeated in argument." One of the things that most strikes a reader of this correspondence is, that this great logician is another instance, although in a somewhat different way, of that process of being "crushed by the formulas which we wield to defeat others," to which one of the "victims of doubt" bore testimony. The practical turn of Dr. Whately's mind, and his preference of secular and scientific to metaphysical questions, kept him out of the abyss of doubt; but the combination of great power in drawing conclusions, with unlimited confidence in his instrument, and a fundamental error of assumption, landed him in a system of incoherencies and inconsistencies such as few men of his powers of mind could have endured. He professed to ground all religious belief on the evidence of three facts: that the books of Scripture are genuine, and have been transmitted to us unaltered; that the authors of them were divinely commissioned; and that the meaning of each passage is such as we understand it. He had sense enough to observe that his certainty could be "only a hypothetical certainty dependent on the correctness of his judgment on each one of these three points," and that "the weakness of the chain, as far as fallibility is to be called weakness, is in each of the three links, and not merely in one." But his confidence in his own judgment was sufficient to make him feel quite easy on such a foundation as this.

He became titular Archbishop of Dublin in 1831, and took an active part in promoting the Government plan of mixed education in Ireland, which was generally supposed to be the reason for which Lord Grey had appointed him, until the withdrawal of his favourite books of *Scripture Extracts and Evidences of Christianity* from the list of those which Catholic and Protestant children were made to read in common, led him to throw up his seat at the Board of National Education Commissioners in 1853, and thenceforth to predict failure to the whole scheme, and to look with approbation on the more open proselytising which he had formerly considered inexpedient. Next to the bitterness which led him to speak of such a man as he ought to have known Dr. Newman to be, and with no provocation on his part beyond a conscientious opposition of sentiments, as "guilty of the worst kind of lies," "having nothing to learn from the 'slanderer' himself," "one of the genuine descendants of those Roman emperors who dressed up the early Christians in the skins of beasts, and then set dogs at them to worry them to death," and "resting his belief of Christianity, if he has any, and of the silliest monkish legends alike, on the Church,"—we think that the language which he permitted himself habitually to use with regard to the very reasonable and natural determination of the Commissioners

not to thrust his books on Catholic children after they had been condemned by the ecclesiastical rulers of Catholics in Ireland, is the greatest blot on his character. In January 1838 we find him writing that it is "quite true" that, "first, I was prepared to go on with the system even if no Scripture Extracts had been received, and, secondly, the use of them is only recommended, not enforced." The whole system was professedly and distinctively based on the principle of giving secular instruction without requiring, as the Protestant educational societies did, the reading of Scripture as the condition of attending school. It was but a scant measure of fairness at the best, while in England every sect had the full management of its own schools subject to inspection, to refuse grants in Ireland, because the population is Catholic, to all Catholic schools, and offer mixed education instead; but the only chance of its being tolerated lay in the rigid exclusion from the school-books of anything offensive to the consciences of Catholics. Archbishop Murray, the Catholic commissioner, approved of Dr. Whately's books; but that sanction was never supposed to bind his successor, or to prevent himself from withdrawing his sanction if experience proved that they were injurious. One of the standing rules of the Board was, that they should always have "full control over the books to be used." Even, therefore, if Dr. Whately had honestly believed that his books were not anti-Catholic, there was no ground for complaining that the Board, after sanctioning them for a time on the supposition of their inoffensiveness, should cease to sanction them when the Catholic bishops complained of their injurious effects. But the moral phenomenon is, that Dr. Whately actually introduced them with the definite intention of shaking the faith of Catholics, and avowed this in private; and yet when this was discovered, and the natural step taken of requiring them to be withdrawn, he never ceased to cry out about "bad faith," "a breach of an implied pledge," and "disgust, indignation, and alarm" at the course taken by the Commissioners, &c. This, after having, as we find, repeatedly boasted in private of having outwitted Dr. Murray. "Archbishop Murray and I agreed in desiring large portions of the Bible to be read in our National Schools; but we agreed in this because we disagreed as to its probable results. He believed that they would be favourable to Romanism; I believed that they would be favourable to Protestantism; and I feel confident that I was right." "The education supplied by the National Board is gradually *undermining the vast fabric of the Irish Roman Catholic Church*." "I cannot openly support the Education Board as an *instrument of conversion*. I have to fight the battle with one hand, and that my best, tied behind me." That he should have been disappointed when his plan was detected and stopped, and that his vanity should have been deeply wounded by the withdrawal of books that he considered *chefs-d'œuvre*, was natural; but that he should have vehemently charged all concerned, except himself, with bad faith, was hardly to be expected.

Dr. Whately expired in a good old age on the 8th of October 1863. His last use of speech was, characteristically, to find fault

with a word in the Protestant version of a passage read to him, and insist on what he considered a more correct reading. We do not doubt the substantial correctness of the account given of his resignation, and patience, and earnestness in prayer. Those who can persuade themselves to make the feelings of piety in the recipient of ordinances a sufficient proof of the soundness of his position would find it hard to explain the apparently tender piety and devotion displayed by one whose belief in the supernatural was reduced to such a minimum as Dr. Whately's. To us, as Dr. Newman has well explained, there is no difficulty.

2. The remark that great orators are not often great writers, is probably true of all but the few who are among the very first in the gift of speaking. The habit of addressing an audience almost enforces the use of rhetorical devices which are out of place in the calmer atmosphere of the writer. Feeling must of necessity enter far more into oratory than into writing, and in the latter we are accustomed to require a closeness of thought and an absence of repetition and amplification which may be even injurious to the effect of a spoken argument. But there are a few great orators who are not less great with their pen, and no one in our own generation has a better claim to be admitted into this select circle than the Comte de Montalembert. His great work on the *Monks of the West** bids fair to be one of the grandest fruits of modern Catholic literature: and we can only sincerely pray that he may be spared to complete it. We fear that the illness under which he has lately been suffering has not yet been entirely overcome, and, as our readers are already aware, it has prevented for some months the publication of three new volumes of his work, only a few chapters of the last of which remain to be completed. M. de Montalembert has now yielded to the urgent wishes of his publishers in permitting the separate publication of the first of the three, which will but whet the appetite of his readers for the remainder. It shows in perfection the beauty and the vigour of style for which its author is already famous. It will have also a peculiar interest for English and Irish readers. It is the first of a series on the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons by the Monks, and deals at great length, first with the history of St. Columba, the founder of Iona, and then with that of St. Augustine of Canterbury. It is to the two streams of missionaries of which these Saints were the leaders or the fathers that England owed her Christianity. A preliminary chapter deals with the British Christianity which reigned in the island before the Saxon invasion, and gives a most interesting account of the early Welsh Saints, such as Dubritius, David, Cadoc, and Beuno, as well as of the monastic glories of Ireland after the time of St. Patrick. The history of St. Columba, very skilfully extracted from the materials preserved by Adamnan, has all the charm of a perfect Christian romance.

* *Les Moines d'Occident, depuis Saint Benoît jusqu'à Saint Bernard*. Par le Comte de Montalembert. Tome 3ème. Conversion de l'Angleterre par les Moines, I. Paris et Lyon, 1866.

M. de Montalembert begins his volume with a passage about this country and the character of its inhabitants and institutions, which will probably be read and rejoiced in by hundreds who will never read the history to which it is an introduction. Englishmen may well be proud of this tribute paid to their national qualities by so eminent a writer as M. de Montalembert, and we fear that they are more likely to accept his praise complacently than to examine themselves as to the defects with the mention of which that praise is qualified. Let us hope, at all events, that they may consider the full import of the historical fact to which M. de Montalembert attributes so many of the best features of their character, and especially their religiousness. Of all European nations, he says, England received the faith most immediately from Rome and most especially from the hands of monks. Strange that the sympathies of the descendants of those to whom St. Augustine preached should have been for three hundred years turned so entirely in the direction of hatred of the Holy See and its influence, and of persecution and proscription of the monastic principle! The other fact to which M. de Montalembert draws attention—the importance of the Anglo-Saxon race in the religious history of the world, and the immense power for good or for evil with which our countrymen have been intrusted, by means of their extensive empire, and their immense activity in colonisation and commerce—may, we trust, stimulate the zeal and the courage of the small band of workers who are endeavouring once more to leaven the mass of English “religiousness” with the life-giving principles of Catholicism.

3. M. Dantier is understood to be preparing, for the great *Collection des Documents inédits sur l'Histoire de France*, a selection from the correspondence of the Benedictines of St. Maur. His duties as editor obliged him to travel into Italy in search of materials, and he was thus led to visit the principal Benedictine monasteries in that country. It would almost appear that the incidental results of his employment on the remains of the Maurists may be even more valuable than the publication of their own letters. At all events, his journey has produced two extremely interesting volumes on the Benedictine monasteries of Italy, which, if they do not exhaust the subject, could hardly be more ample in their treatment of it without becoming tedious and unwieldy.* M. Dantier writes with enthusiasm and devotion, for he has caught a deep love for the Benedictine Order in the cloisters and libraries to which he was so cordially welcomed,—and indeed he must have been less than a Christian, we might almost say, less than a man, not to do so. But his religious and monastic feelings are not made to supply the place of the most industrious and indefatigable research, nor have they been allowed to veil from his eyes the less bright pages in the histories which he has had to set forth. M. Dantier does not confine himself to describing, as an ordinary tourist might, the present state

* *Les Monastères Bénédicteins d'Italie. Souvenirs d'un voyage littéraire au delà des Alpes.* Par Alphonse Dantier. 2 tom. Paris, 1866.

of the monasteries and his own reception there. His object is to give the history of the chief houses of the Benedictine Order in Italy, and at the same time to trace that of the monastic constitutions adopted by them and of the "congregations" to which they are affiliated. Everyone knows how numerous have been the minor modifications engrafted on the simple rule of St. Benedict, and how the multitude of the religious who profess it have been rather bound together in groups of greater or less magnitude and fame than united, like the children of some later rules, into a single great family, living under the obedience of a General Superior. These facts give a great variety to the Benedictine histories, and impose considerable labour upon those annalists who would give a complete account of the monasteries even of a single European country.

The greater part of M. Dantier's first volume is devoted to Monte Cassino, the most famous monastery of the West. The history of Monte Cassino of course dates from St. Benedict himself, and M. Dantier has introduced some preliminary chapters in which he has traced the monastic system up to its source in the East, and given an account of the influence exercised either in propagating or defending it by St. Athanasius, St. Jerome, and St. John Chrysostom, as well as by St. Patrick in Ireland, and St. Severinus in Germany. The decadence of Western monachism under the miseries of the barbarian invasions of Italy naturally prepares the reader for the appearance of St. Benedict. M. Dantier devotes one chapter to his history, and another to an explanation of his rule. Then comes the history of Monte Cassino, its early struggles, its period of greatness and political influence, and its gradual decline. Many great names come across us in its annals, and we find it mixed up in the fierce struggles between the Papacy and the Empire, and in the various wars which had for their object the possession of that kingdom of Naples, which seems to be destined to be for ever changing its masters. Perhaps the culminating point of the external glories of Monte Cassino may be fixed about the time of the Abbot Didier or Desiderius, the friend and host of the great Gregory VII., designated by him on his death-bed as his successor, and forced, after a long resistance, to accept the Pontifical throne under the name of Victor III. The decadence of the power of Monte Cassino, as well as of the religious observance within its walls, seems to have been in a considerable degree owing to the custom of giving the great abbeys *in commendam* to prelates of the Roman Court or to the relations of princes. M. Dantier will find many to sympathise with the sorrow which he expresses for the demolition of so great a part of the monastic buildings (which had been erected at great cost by Didier), under the Renaissance influence in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. A comparatively small portion of the present buildings is of an earlier date than that period of depraved taste.

Two more chapters on the literary history of Monte Cassino bring us nearly to the end of the first volume. Its last chapter gives a very interesting account of the other monastic rules in the West, which, after a time, gave way to, or were absorbed by, that of

St. Benedict. The chief figure in this chapter is St. Columbanus of Ireland, the founder of the celebrated monastery of Bobbio, the history of which is continued in the second volume. M. Dantier then turns southwards once more, and gives us a succession of delightful chapters on Subiaco and the interesting monastic sites which lie between that town and Rome, by beginning with San Paolo fuori-le-Mure, San Calisto, San Lorenzo (formerly a Benedictine monastery), and leading us on by Tivoli and San Cosimato to Santa Scholastica and the Sagro Speco itself. His readers will find many passages over which they will linger with great pleasure. We may mention in particular the account which he gives of Tivoli, and of his conversation with a learned Capuchin of that place, Padre Stefano, who had seen a good deal of the unfortunate De la Mennais in 1832, during the residence of the latter with the Theatines at Frascati, where Padre Stefano had then been posted. From Subiaco M. Dantier takes us to the great Cluniac monastery of La Trinità di Cava, between Castellamare and Salerno, and then to a much less famous but hardly less interesting site, that of Monte Vergine near Avellino, founded by St. William of Vercelli. We have then a visit to the Camaldoli at Frascati, and to the Basilian monastery at Grotta Ferrata. The great Camaldoli itself furnishes the subject for another chapter, and M. Dantier's pilgrimage concludes with Farfa, Casauria, and Novalesse.

4. We are glad to see that the work of the Abbé Bougaud, the *Life of St. Monica*, has found a translator in Lady Herbert.* It has, indeed, been considerably condensed, but its main features are preserved, and the translation reads almost like an original. Lady Herbert has joined to it in the same volume the translation of two other French biographies. Her aim seems to have been to place by the side of the picture of the saintly wife, mother, and widow those of a young Christian lady who found her means of sanctification in unmarried life in her own family, and of one who consecrated herself to the service of God and the poor as a Sister of Charity.

The first of these companions of St. Monica is Madlle. Victorine de Galaré Ferrand, who died at Paris in February 1836. She was then in her thirty-eighth year. She was a good holy child from the first, with a great love for pious exercises and good works. At nineteen she declined to marry, and she persevered in refusing the offers that were made to her till her parents gave over the attempt to induce her to settle in the world. In 1817 her family recovered its family château, which had been taken from it under the revolution, and Victorine devoted herself to the care of the poor and the instruction of children in the neighbourhood. After a time, she conceived the desire to become a Sister of Charity: but her director thought that she was not called to seek perfection in the religious life. In 1823, her father was appointed Governor of the Royal Naval College at Angoulême, a post which involved the constant reception of a large circle, and consequently imposed a great many social duties upon his

* *Three Phases of Christian Love.* By Lady Herbert. London, 1867.

daughter. Victorine undertook these duties, though by no means congenial to her tastes, with the utmost cheerfulness, and continued to discharge them till set free by the revolution of 1830, upon which her father resigned his appointment. Her health was already failing, in consequence of an accidental fall from a carriage some time before. The family travelled into Italy, and Victorine had the delight of a Catholic "season" in Rome. They spent some time also in Turin, at Pignerol, at Pisa, and elsewhere, returning to France in 1834. Wherever she went Victorine devoted her time to the churches and the poor. About a year after their return to Paris her last sickness seized her, and in a few weeks carried her off.

The Mère Devos, who died in 1860, was at that time the "Mère Générale" of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul. She was then in her 57th year. She had entered the novitiate at eighteen, and from that time her life was spent entirely in the labours of her vocation. Bayonne and Rochefort were the chief scenes of her self-devotion: at the latter place she remained Superior for eleven years. In 1856 she was sent to Madrid, to inaugurate a new foundation there, and in the following year she was recalled to France to undertake the government of the whole Order. Her biography represents her as the perfect model of religious virtue, and especially of the simplicity, the activity, the prudence, and the charity which are the distinguishing marks of the true Sister of Charity. She was regarded with the utmost affection and veneration by her religious children, as recalling to them in these later times the image of the famous Madlle. le Gras, their first Superior, and she was spoken of by Père Etienne as the second Mother of the Society.

5. Mr. Murray has lately published an illustrated edition of the New Testament, in two volumes, under the editorship of Archdeacon Churton and Mr. W. Basil Jones, which deserves particular commendation for its great beauty of type, as well as for the excellence of the woodcut illustrations with which it is adorned. Almost every interesting spot connected with the Gospel history or with that of the Apostles has been first carefully photographed and then exquisitely engraved. Other illustrations in great numbers are worked into the letter-press. In these respects, this edition of the New Testament must be allowed to be complete and almost faultless.

The editors have subjoined to the text a succession of short explanatory notes. The earlier Gospels seem to have been illustrated in this way by Mr. F. C. Cook, the later by Archdeacon Churton. The second volume, which contains the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles, and the Apocalypse, has been reserved to Mr. Basil Jones. The whole commentary labours under the great difficulty of being necessarily very short. In such a commentary it is almost impossible not to commit a great many faults of omission—and there have been very few writers even among Catholic theologians who have attained the required perfection in pregnancy, lucidity, and comprehensiveness. We cannot, therefore, be hard upon the Anglican editors of these two volumes if they appear to be too often meagre

and unsatisfactory. A more just ground of remark is furnished by the places in which the necessities of their position or the looseness of their theology force them to be vague and obscure, or even to avoid a hard passage. We can hardly imagine, for instance, that a single-hearted Protestant reader who desires to be helped to the true signification of our Lord's words in the promise to St. Peter (Matt. xvi. 18, 19), or in the institution of the Holy Eucharist (Matt. xxvi. 26), or in the giving to the Apostles of the power of absolution (John xx. 22, 23), will find much light thrown upon his difficulties by the commentaries here offered him. In some respects the different authors do not appear quite consistent with each other: Mr. Jones, on 1 Cor. vii. 10, seems to hold that our Lord (in Matt. xix. 9) forbade divorce absolutely, while his colleague, writing on the place in St. Matthew, teaches that He allowed it in the case of adultery. On the whole, the commentary in the second volume strikes us as usually superior to that in the first. We are obliged to notice defects of the kind mentioned: but the general tone of the notes is far above that of the Anglican commentaries with which they will naturally be compared.

6. The many admirers of the late Father Faber will gladly welcome the second volume of his *Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual Subjects*.* The most important part of its contents consists in the skeletons of a series of lectures, preached chiefly between 1858 and 1860, which was intended to form the substance of a new volume of his *Spiritual Conferences*. Some of these, especially those under the head of the *Fear of God*, are given with considerable fullness: but the remainder only in outline, as was the case with most of the sermons and discourses contained in the former volume. In this state they are very suggestive, and must be especially valuable to those whose memories can help them to recall the filling-up of the outline by Father Faber himself. Others must be content to work out for themselves his line of thought, which is generally indicated in these notes with sufficient clearness, at least to those who are familiar with the more finished productions of the same beautiful mind.

We observe with pleasure that although the editor has not fulfilled his original plan of subjoining a memoir of Father Faber to the present volume, it will be published separately, and is already well advanced towards completion.

7. The readers of the *Month* have already made acquaintance with Lady Herbert as a traveller, and will therefore be prepared to find her new work on Spain† one of the most delightful of the lighter books of this Christmas season. We have already had occasion to

* *Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual Subjects*. By the late F. W. Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Vol. II.: "The Faith and the Spiritual Life." London, 1866.

† *Impressions of Spain in 1866*. By Lady Herbert. With fifteen Illustrations. London: R. Bentley, 1867.

remark on the many indications which seem to exist of a tendency on the part of the travelling tribes of our countrymen to make themselves more familiar with Spain as a country in which they may occasionally seek for health or for amusement. We have had accordingly several good travel-books about Spain lately : and Lady Herbert now comes to swell the number of guides and companions who offer us their assistance. Her book has a character of its own, which will make it especially welcome to Catholic readers. She does not go so fully into details and statistics as Mrs. Byrne, for she spent but a few months in Spain, and simply relates what she saw and heard, save in one or two instances, where she has drawn on books for her information. But the interest in everything religious is a sort of perpetual undertone in her narrative, and we cannot but think that this has not only influenced her choice of subjects, but has also given her a power of understanding Spanish things and Spanish people better than ordinary travellers. As an instance of what we mean, we may mention an adventure in which she was probably herself concerned. Her party had to stop very early one Sunday morning, while it was yet dark, at a little uncomfortable railway station, from which they were to take the train to Avila. As the station was a simple creation of the railway, there was no church near, but one of the party managed to find out that there was a village some few miles off among the mountains, where of course there would be a church, and she accordingly set out on foot as soon as it was light to find her way to Mass and Communion. She found her way with some difficulty, and the narrative speaks of the great courtesy and Christian kindness shown her by the peasants on the way, and in the little hamlet when she arrived. She won her way to the sympathies of these simple folk by her love for what they hold sacred ; and yet other travellers might have lost their way or wandered over the hills by themselves, and might very probably have given offence by their manners or roused suspicion by their unmistakable Protestantism, and so come away with the impression that Spanish peasants were rude and uncivil to strangers.

Burgos, Madrid, Cordova, Malaga, Granada, Cadiz, Seville, were successively visited by Lady Herbert and her party : the last-named place they stayed at for some time, and then retraced their steps, taking Madrid again, the Escorial, Toledo, Zaragossa, and a few other towns in their return northwards. Their stay at Seville enabled them to make some interesting excursions in its neighbourhood, and it was in its famous Cathedral that they spent the Holy Week. Nowhere in the world, it would seem, are the functions of that season more splendidly performed. Lady Herbert gives us some very pleasing accounts of the religious institutions there and elsewhere, and we might almost call a part of her volume "*Reminiscences of St. Teresa*," so frequently do we come across visits to the convents connected with the history of the Saint.

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